THREE YEARS

AMONG THE INDIANS

IN DAKOTA.

BY

J. R. Drips, Sergeant in Company L, Sixth Iowa Cavalry.

1904.
BRULE INDEX, KIMBALL,
SOUTH DAKOTA.

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6th Iowa Cavalry.

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J. H. DRIPS
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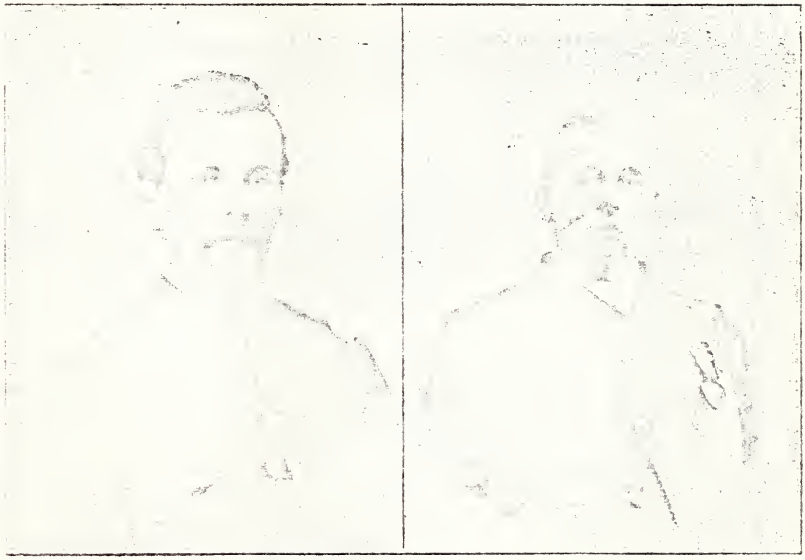

LIEUT. A. R. FULLER.

1864. 1894.

J. H. DRIPS.

The Dakota Campaign.

FOR the past thirty-five years it has been a custom with me to keep a journal or diary, noting the most striking events of each day as they occurred. This custom was faithfully adhered to during my term of service in the United States Army—from October 9, 1862, to October 17, 1865. During the winter of 1863-4, while in winter quarters at Fort Randall, D. T., I copied these notes and made other record of facts as this diary record warranted. I did the same in the winter of 1864-5. This was done at the time without any idea of ever publishing it, but I thought it might at some time be interesting for members of my family to read how I had been employed during those three eventful years. At one time in the early 70's the mice took a liking to my manuscript and I supposed they had completely destroyed it; but on taking exception one evening to something some one had said concerning our campaigns, my wife said to me, "Why do not consult your own records?" "Why," said I, "that is destroyed long ago." She said she thought she could produce them, and did so, nearly intact; and as I had my diary for 1865, a relative proposed that I should try and write that summer's campaign, as it might at some time be published, and give to the world a condensed account of how the Sixth Iowa Volunteers chased the Indians, (in the language of Col. S. M. Pollock,) with ox-teams on the treeless plains of Dakota. In this connection I would say that I was with my Company all the time, never in the hospital as a patient, nor detailed to soft places, therefore I feel well qualified to make my statements.

REMARKS ON ORGANIZATION.

Our Regiment was recruited in the fall of 1862, about the first of October. My own enlistment was dated the 9th of that month, and very few went back of the 1st of the month. The Regiment was recruited under false pretences, as it was held out as an inducement to volunteer that a general order had been issued from the War Department to recruit a regiment at once to be sent to the front; at any rate this argument was presented to me and comrades of Company L by the recruiting officer, Sergeant Parke, of the First Iowa Cavalry, who became our First Lieutenant, and as good and brave a man, and a jolly good fellow as ever donned the blue. Perhaps this was the case, as nothing else was thought of by the Regiment until it became the received opinion that Col. Wilson had been selected for the position on the specific understanding that our destiny was to be on the plains instead of joining our friends in the South, as a very large majority of the men wanted to do. But as we were United States soldiers our first duty was to obey orders, no matter how irksome these orders were And in the end, as far as personal safety was concerned, we had a large advantage, and although there might have been, and no doubt were, a good many who were well suited with the situation, the very large majority were of that class who were anxious to go the front, and would have added their share to win the well-earned fame of Iowa volunteers on the Southern soil.

A fact might as well be noted here, as later on. There was a romantic idea existing among a large number of the men that the great majority of the Indians were the real nobility of the country: that the few who had been committing the diabolical outrages at New Ulm, Spirit Lake, and other places, were the off-scourings of that noble race. But the first sight of a camp of friendly Indians —at the Yankton Agency, on the Missouri river—dispelled that romance, and every subsequent acquaintance with "the noble red" went to emphasize the idea that "the good Indian was the dead Indian."

The Regiment was recruited mostly from the northern part of the State; and a very few below the central part, viz: Company A,

Scott and Clinton counties; Companies B and M Dubuque county; Company C, Fayette county; Company D, Winnesheik county; Company E, Pottawattamie county; Companies F, I and K, Johnson and contiguous counties; Company, Delaware county; Company H, Linn county, and Company L, Clayton county. The Regiment went into camp at Camp Hendershott, Harrison Street, Davenport, about the last days of November, 1862, and was mustered into the United States service January 31, and February 3, 1863. Its officers were.

Colonel—David S. Wilson, Dubuque.
Lieutenant Colonel—Samuel M. Pollock, Dubuque.
Majors—Thos. H. Shepherd, Iowa City.
Ed. P. TenBroeck, Clinton.
Albert E. House, Delhi.
Surgeon—George W. Trumbull, Cascade.
Jacob H. Camburn, Cedar Rapids.
Assistant Surgeons—Thomas S. Bardwell, Marion.
Samuel C. Hayes, Bradford.
N. B. Elliot, West Union.
Adjutant—Rufus L. Miller, Keokuk.
Benjamin E. Agard, Clermont.
Quartermaster—Abram Williams, Dubuque.
Commissary—Morgan Reno, Iowa City.
Chaplain—David N. Mitchell, Cedar Rapids.

In June, 1864, Col. Wilson resigned, and Lieut.-Col. Pollock was promoted to Colonel, Maj. TenBroeck to Lieutenant Colonel. Maj. Shepherd resigned in October, 1864, and Capts. John Gallager, of Company A, and D. C. Cram, of Company B, were promoted to the Majorship. Surgeon Trumbull resigned February 10, 1863, and Assistant Surgeon Camburn was promoted to his position. Assistant Surgeon Elliot resigned February 27, 1863. Adjutant Miller resigned in June, 1864, and Benjamin E. Agard, a private from Company C, was promoted to his position, but for some reason he never assumed the duties, Lieut. Wesley A. Heath, of Company G, acting as Adjutant.

The First Battalion, consisting of Companies A, D, G and K, was under command of Maj. Thos. H. Shepherd, and after his resignation, of Maj. House. The Second Battalion, Companies B, E, H L, was under Majs. TenBroeck and Gallager. The Third Battal-

ion, Companies C, F, I and M, was under Majs. House and Cram.

The companies were officered as follows, from first to last, without noting promotions, which at this time is monotonous.

Company A—Capts. John Gallager and John M. Gates; Lieuts. John M. Gates, Hugh A. Macalister, Simon J. Toll and Jacob Saedt.

Company B—Capts. DeWitt C. Cram and Dexter E. Bronson. Lieuts. Dexter P. Bronson, Tyler P. Rood, Frank O. Udell, Thomas J. Leavitt, Byron M. Richmond and Horatio G. Foster.

Company C—Capt. Lucian L. Ainsworth, Lieut. George E. Dayton, Freeman K. Fisk, Henry Rickel and Warren D. Stafford.

Company D—Capt. Theodore W. Burdick, Lieuts. Sherman Page, Timothy Firm and William Fannon.

Company E—Capt. Daniel F. Eicher, Lieuts. Joseph C. De Haven, David Ellison and Sanford M. Smith.

Company F—Capt. Scott Shattuck, Lieuts. James Ruth, Lucius N. Beeman and Archibald H. McKallon. This company was recruited in Alamakee county, and not in Johnson county, as heretofore stated.

Company G—Captain Abraham B. Moorland, Lieuts. Wesley A. Heath, Edward H. Gaylord and Charles F. Hobbs.

Company H—Capts. Canfield J. Marsh and Jeptha M. Van Meter. Lieuts. G. H. Hesselberger, John A. Patterson, Carter Berkley and Charles A. Keardon.

Company I—Capts. Lewis R. Wolfe and Benjamin King. Lieuts. Benjamin King, George W. McCall, Valconlon J. Williams and Henry C. Nicholls.

Company K—Capt. John Logan. Lieuts. George E. Dayton, Samuel M. Parker and Hiram F. Berst.

Company L—Capt. Aaron S. Ames. Lieuts. Hiram A. Park, Samuel B. Coyle, Alexander R. Fuller, Alpheus Scott and Alonzo W. Hunt.

Company M—Capt. Valconlon J. Willlam, Lieuts. James Brown, Richard Berry and Royal F. Williams.

As before stated, we assembled at Davenport about December fisrt and took possession of Camp Hendershott, which we found to be on Harrison street at the top of the hill. There we found twelve sets of barracks on the west side of the street, the carpenters hardly through building them and the stables. The quarters were large enough to accommodate one hundred men each, and the stables were

in the rear, or west of the quarters, each calculated to accommodate one hundred horses, and were quite comfortable. The kitchen for each company was between the quarters and the stables, an alley wide enough for a wagon between each set of quarters. The officers' quarters were on the east side of the street, opposite the mens': the guard house was on the west side of the street at the south terminus of the camp: the hospital west of the guard house. We had a chain guard all around the camp, and to show how formidable that was, an incident will suffice. One evening after the countersign had been given out a soldier marched up to a sentinel and was promptly halted by the guard who demanded the countersign.

Soldier—Ain't got it.

Guard—Can't pass then.

Soldier, creeping a little nearer—Come, Hank, let a feilow through.

Guard—Hold on there, or I'll shoot: that's orders. (Gun had no lock on, barrel crooked.)

Soldier—Come, Hank, my horse got loose and broke over the line and I must get him before he gets out of sight.

Guard, getting desperate—Say, Dick, if you don't stop and say Pea Ridge I'll blow your brains out.

Soldier—Oh, yes. (whispering "Pea Ridge") I had entirely forgotten.

And he passed out, did not catch his horse as that animal was in the stable, but he and a good many other soldiers came into camp that night by whispering "Pea Ridge." Six months from that time it would have been a different reception one would have received from that young guard: and up to the time of muster-out Henry Brandis was scarcely known outside of his company, but let any one inquire for "Pea Ridge" and almost any man in the regiment could have pointed him out.

This brings to mind another instance showing how a nick-name given to a soldier stuck close to him all through the service; and a [illegible] many times the circumstances were not of the most pleasant [illegible] In 1864, about the 29th or 30th of July, the expedition was [illegible] from the fight at Tah-ka-o-cuty. Being in Indian coun[illegible] liable to be attacked at any time, Gen. Sully issued an order [illegible] we went into camp that no fires should be built to cook with. [illegible] was striking right where the soldier felt it the worst, for

what was a soldier worth if he did have his coffee, and that hot and strong? A corporal was detailed from Company M to patrol the camp and see that the order was obeyed. The mode of cooking in that country at that time was to dig a hole in the ground long and wide enough to hold two camp kettles, and about a foot deep. A fire was started with pieces of cracker boxes and then buffalo "chips" were piled on, which made a very hot fire and not much blaze. On this occasion some of the men, determined to have their coffee, dug the pit, made a fire, and then had it surrounded by six or eight men holding up blankets to hide what little light there was. Things went on fine till the coffee was about ready, when along came Corporal ——. "What does this mean; did you not hear the orders of the General about the fire?" demanded the corporal. "Yes," replied one of the men, "but after this long march we wanted some hot coffee, and the Indians haven't seen us, either, so what harm is done?" "To h--l wid your hot coffee; it's cold coffee you'll drink," and with one master kick with a No. 10 army boot, away went the coffee-kettle, contents and all, on to the smouldering buffalo chips. In a very short time every enlisted man in camp knew of the incident, and "cold coffee" was the word. Wherever the corporal went you would hear "There goes 'Cold Coffee'." Next morning, while forming line for march, some one started the cry, and it went the round of the line, and became so loud and long that the commanding general had to issue an order to have the obnoxious epithet silenced on pain of arrest and punishment. This quieted it down at the time, but alas for the corporal. He was named and the name stuck long and fast. Wherever he was met he was greeted as "Cold Coffee," and by no other name during the service was he known by enlisted men but "Cold Coffee." But this is a digression.

From the first of December, 18[illegible], to the middle of March, 18[illegible], we put in the time at Camp Henderson[illegible]. Most of the time the [illegible] averaged from three to ten inches deep, as it will be remembered that winter was quite mild, the river at Davenport being open [illegible] winter, and the ferry boat making her regular trips [illegible] Whenever the weather permitted we were drilled [illegible] received our horses our drilling was [illegible] talion and regimental; and also the manual of [illegible] ber, so that by the time we were ready to [illegible] proficient in the tactics. The sutler did quite a flour[illegible]

as the boys were not so well posted in such matters as they became later on. The nick-nacks kept by that worthy general had a very drawing effect on the boys, and more so because there was not much money in the hands of the men and they got no pay from the government until they were mustered into the service. The hospital was kept quite well filled up. The weather being damp, bad colds and lung troubles prevailed to quite an extent, and all who had not previously had the measles came down with them. And then homesickness followed in the wake, and quite a number succumbed to it.

I will here digress enough to mention the case of one bright boy about 18 years of age. He came from Vermont to Clayton county to visit relatives, and while engaged in this pleasant pastime his cousin, Henry Clark, enlisted in Company L; and the patriotism of our young friend, Clinton Clark, warmed up to such a degree that he too cast his lot in with us. He was a fine specimen of a true American patriot—gentle as a woman, brave as a veteran, and as true and brave a heart as ever beat in a man's bosom. How many thousands and tens and hundreds of thousands of such filled the ranks of the great Union Army! Well, young Clark was taken down, no worse seemingly than many others, but the longing for the rugged hills of old Vermont seized him, and although every effort to cheer him up and bring him out was made by his comrades who all loved him, it was of no avail. The home longing was too much for him and his death being the first one in the company it caused a feeling of sadness throughout the camp. Mr. Clark's parents had been notified as soon as his sickness became at all serious, bnt they did not arrive until after his death.

Quite a number of our men died here, and this, with other causes, among which might be mentioned the sour bread furnished by a Davenport baker, the exceedingly tough beef, called by the men "breaking team," not getting mustered in, etc., caused a bad feeling and at one time came near causing a riot or mutiny; but finally things mellowed down. We were mustered, got our clothing, drew our arms, were assigned our horses, got our supply of government "brass," a ten-days' furlough to bid the folks good bye, and rested well in hopes of soon being ordered to the front. But it was a cold blanket when the news came that the plains of Dakota were to be our final destination. Adjutant General Baker's headquarters were in Davenport, and when he began to find that the boys were becoming

restless he made every effort in his power to quell any uneasiness that might arise. One day he and Governor Kirkwood came up to camp and the General made us a neat little speech, appealing to the men to be patient, attend to business, drill, etc., and to keep themselves clear of whisky, bad women and other pernicious ways, and that soon we would be placed where we could be of use to the government, etc., etc., and introduced the Governor who gave us some good counsel and told us that the government just now was in the predicament that a married lady who was expecting to present to her husband an heir, was in. She had all the tiny clothing and paraphrenalia ready, but when the auspicious day came, what were her feelings, when instead of one little stranger there were two, and preparations only for one! So the government had made preparations for a big army, but it was so much greater than they expected that it took time to get ready for the unexpected. The speeches had a good effect in quieting down the impatient feeling that was arising.

But as an end comes to all things, so it came to our surmising doubts. All that wanted to got furloughs, went home, and all but a very few came back in good time. So time passed, with alternate seasons of mirth and sadness; surmisings as to our destiny; criticising and praising the officers; feeling that each man had the best company, the best quarters, the best officers, the best horses, etc.. or vice versa; until March 16, when we packed enough of our belongings on each horse to load down two or three pack mules; for example, Timothy Sullivan of L Company, whose outfit was to human eyes a wonder to behold; and after marching two or three times through the streets of Davenport, took up our line of march across the great state of Iowa.

ON THE MARCH.

March 16, 1863, was a fine day for the season of the year, and the men composing the Sixth Iowa Volunteer Cavlary that were able to be around were around in good season. Some had to be left behind on account of sickness, or disability but afterward caught up. The Regiment was mounted dressed in all the yellow of cavlary, and with the big men in front marched through the principal streets of Davenport till about 11 a. m., we started westward, our destination to be Fort Randall, D. T., where we were to join the command of Gen. Alf. Sully, to make an expedition against the hostile Indians and subjugate them. The troops under Sully were to make a junction with a command from Minnesota under Gen. Sibley, near Long Lake Creek, D. T. We had quite a long train of wagons—each company had a wagon, headquarters three or four, besides a number of regimental wagons loaded with supplies: each wagon drawn by six mules. The roads were dry and dusty and everything denoted a fine, pleasant trip across Iowa. we made a march of twelve miles, going down the river, stopping often to wait for the wagons, water horses, and got to camp at 4 p. m. We had a fine camp and enjoyed it hugely. One of men deserted at this camp and stayed deserted; one of the Lieutenants came into camp full of—well, whisky.

Tuesday, March 17.—At 9 a. m. we started down the river two or three miles and struck west. It rained on us quite hard for two or three hours, but we went on, being protected by our ponchos, but the roads soon became so muddy that the mules, not being used to work, could hardly get the wagons throug: but after pulling and hauling and getting up the bluff, we reached the farm of Ex-Governor Chamberlain, where we encamped for the night. We had a fine camp, but owing to the state of the roads our teams did not get in till [illegible] p. m., and we fasted till that time—bad lash for poor soldiers, [illegible] marched to make out a square meal of soft bread and fresh beef roasted over the coals, the best way beef was cooked. Our clothes being damp, we did not feel very comfortable at night, but our tents be-

ing new we did not experience as much inconvenience as might have been expected, and certainly not as bad as some nights we have put in since.

Wednesday, March 18—This morning we did not get started till 11 a. m., and on account of heavy roads our teams made slow time, and of course that kept the command behind, but we finally succeeded in reaching camp at Summit, a station on the Muscatine railway, about seven miles from that city. When we reached camp the rain was drizzling just enough to keep everything uncomfortable. We got our tents fixed up, some supper and our horses coralled and we turned in for the night and managed to get considerable sleep in spite of the rain.

Thursday, March 19—This morning was awakened by the rain falling on our tents. We received orders to lay over today, and it was well we did, as it rained all day and got quite cold at that, and there was no protection but our dog tents, and very little wood to make fire to dry us out. As many as could took shelter in the station house, but it was small and on account of the scarcity of wood we could not cook much, so, taking all things together it was not very encouraging.

Friday, March 20—The past night has been a stunner, and the worst or most disagreeable on our march across the state. Col. D. S. Wilson issued an order this morning that all soldiers whom the surgeons deemed unable to endure the march should go to Iowa City by rail. This measure was very acceptable to me, as I had just got up Sunday from a hard attack of lung fever and had it not been for the kind attention of my comrades I never would have pulled through. Among the many, D. Flinn, P. McNamarra, Theo. Sherman, and others were conspicuous. There were sixty of us sent by train. We arrived at the City at 2 p. m. and were quartered at the American and the Summit hotels, the latter being the hospital. The regiment got started at 11 a. m. and made one of the most disagreeable marches of that season. It rained, snowed, blowed and made mud all day. The horses' manes and tails were completely whitewashed with snow and frozen stiff, so they were as boards. But we got off, and then came the tug of war. The mud was deep and stiff, the mules were green and unused to work, wore out, absolutely refused to submit to the gentle, persuasive expostulations of the mule-whackers, the pesky creatures not seeming to realize that it was a military

necessity that they should get there. But we managed the matter by hitching the picket rope to the wagon tongue and the men riding up alongside and taking hold of the rope with one hand and guiding their horses with the other, they succeeded in getting them through where the representatives of the Southern Confederacy (the mules) had failed. But all things combined did not hinder us making a march of five miles and camped with the feeling that soldiering in Iowa was a soft thing, especially the muddy part of it.

Saturday, March 21—This morning we got off in good season. The weather had become a good deal settled, freezing hard and snowing some: the roads were solid, the air was cold, but more agreeable and more confortable getting along. We made two miles and came to Cedar river: two companies got across and camped, the rest staying on the east side. The river was very high and only one ferry boat and a small one at that.

Sunday, March 22—As soon this morning as we could get into shape the crossing commenced and kept it up until they all got over, and made a march of four miles, camping in a hazel-brush thicket on the railroad.

Monday, March 23—The weather still continues favorable, the roads drying up so there is no difficulty in making a march of six miles. Everything looks cheerful. The men are in good spirits and even the animals seem to feel the inspiration—that not far ahead there is a place where a short resting place is waiting for them. Everything being in readiness, we got started and following a ridge road we made a march of thirteen miles, arriving at Iowa City (or a little below on the river) about 12 m., without encountering any serious obstruction: everyone in the command feeling as though they were repaid in a measure for the hardships they had come through. And really the hand of our Father was over us in an especial manner. During our journey His mercy attended us all the way, for we did not lose a man, had but very little sickness and lost but few horses and mules, while the same amount of exposure under other circumstances would have left many of our brave boys on the ground, or sown the seeds of disease that would have followed them through life. In fact it will not be a matter of surprise to me if in the future it will be learned that the disease which will make a man an invalid for

life can be easily traced back to the march from Davenport to Iowa City in March, 1863.

Tuesday, March 24—Here we have a fine camp on the river, high and dry, and are assured by the Colonel that we will not leave until our men and animals are well recruited. Men came to the regiment or the city every day by train till the number of convalescents was about one hundred, but they all kept improving in health, so the sick list was small considering all circumstances. I would say right here that the citizens of Iowa City outdone themselves in caring and ministering to the sick soldiers, which demonstated the fact that the spirit of patriotism in Iowa City was well exemplified, and highly appreciated by the sick soldiers in that city. We will just say that in the near future Iowa City may be dearer to Company L than at present.

Wednesday, March 25—It took us nearly all day to get fixed up so as to be any ways comfortable. Our camp was on the bank of the Iowa river in a strip of timber, which gave us wood and shelter; the ground dry and sandy, the weather fine. All the time we were in that camp were not molested by rain of any moment; drilled some. A few incidents only interesting to myself occurred.

Friday, March 27—Since last date we have done nothing but routine duty. Today we were ordered to prepare for inspection, which came off at 1 p. m. Arms and accoutrements were inspected by the Colonel and staff, at the close of which Col. Wilson complimented us on our appearance and soldierly conduct.

Saturday, March 28—A camp day with an hour's drill and regular camp routine duty.

Sunday, March 29—This being Sunday, we figured on a rest, but were disappointed. The Chaplain gave us a discourse at 10 and at 4 p. m. we saddled up and marched up to the city and then through the principal streets and back to camp at dark all tired out.

Monday, March 30—Today we drilled company drill in the forenoon. We went about two miles from camp, and drilled two hours, and in the afternoon went to the same place and drilled battalion drill two hours, had dress parade and went into camp.

Tuesday, March 31—Had rifle drill by Corporal Thompson. Afternoon we drilled battalion drill and had dress parade as usual. We were calculating that we would get a good chance to rest up, but orders from headquarters disappointed us, as they gave us orders to

drill every day and soldiers do not feel that there is much rest in drilling; but I guess it was a good deal better than laying in camp all the time.

April 1—Went out this morning for company drill and in the afternoon for battalion drill. We got orders to march. There was quite a change made in our company officers. Lieut. Parke resigned on account of sore eyes and First Sergeant Coyl was appointed in his place. The Captain then made the following appointments for company officers: Sergeant Woodward was made First Sergeant, Sergeant Walling Second, Sergeant Perrin Third, Sergeant Wolstencroft Fourth, Corporal Drips Fifth, and Corporal Burhans Sixth. Corporals: Corporal Murphy First, Corporal Sawyer Second, Corporal Morse Third, Corporal Robinson Fourth, Corporal Hall Fifth, Private Duling Sixth, Private Thompson Seventh, and Corporal Watkins Eighth. This made our company roster full. We got all ready to start as well as possible on such short notice. Some of the men drew clothing and all got fixed as well as they could.

April 2—This morning we got off in pretty good season. It was a raw, cold morning inasmuch as overcoats were in good demand. We came up to the bridge opposite Iowa City and then started up the hill where we found an extensive ridge and I can tell you that the wind howled over it in a rather uncomfortable manner. We left James Havens and Lafayette Phillips in Iowa City sick. The former deserted afterward, taking with him considerable of Uncle Sam's property, among the rest one of his revolvers. The latter, after roaming around through the state came up with us at Sioux City. We passed Governor Kirkwood's residence which is no great beauty of a place, lying on the Iowa river. After we left his place we came on to another ridge which was as inhospitable as the one in the forenoon, but after traveling some sixteen miles and till 4 o'clock, we finally encamped on the same ridge where we were short of both wood and water. Here we had a very good night's rest.

April 3—Got up this morning and started at 7 o'clock. We marched seventeen miles, Company L being on guard, until about 1 o'clock, having come through a kind of rough country and encamped some two miles from Marengo, a town on the M. & M. R. railroad. It is a fine town. We did not make much ado in passing

through the town; had a good camp, plenty of wood, water and forage. We spent a very comfortable night.

April 4—This morning we started at 7 and made a march of some twenty-two miles, arriving within a mile and a half of Brooklyn at 4 in the afternoon. This is the terminus of the railroad. We did not go on to the town. I suppose that they were afraid the boys would go in on their "nerve" if they brought them too near to town. This is considerable of a town, being, as I said before, the present terminus of the railroad. The depot is situated half a mile from town and I suppose that ere long it will be the best part of the town, as it is the only thing to make the town.

April 5--Today we got orders to lay over in order to rest and also to enjoy the religious exercises, those who felt like it. Another object was to load up our stores that had been shipped through from Davenport by railroad. The Chaplain preached at 3 o'clock and had prayer meeting at 7 in the evening. There was detailed a squad of six men and a corporal to report down at the depot to help load up the wagons. They went down at 11 and worked till about 10 at night. We had a fine warm day.

April 6—Started this morning at 7 and made a march of twenty miles, arriving in camp some four miles west of Grinnell at 4. It was a fine day, roads dry. We passed through a fine country and a little village called Jasper. Company C was on guard. We were greeted with loud applause by the citizens of both towns while passing through, especially the ladies.

April 7—Started this morning at 7, made a march of eighteen miles, arriving in camp some two miles west of Newton, the county seat of Jasper county, one of the good counties of Iowa, at 3 in the afternoon. We had a beautiful day for marching, came through a splendid country. The town was quite lively and greeted us with lively cheering. In the evening our camp was visited by about 150 of the ladies of Newton who gave us some splendid singing and then retired to their homes and we to our "shirt tail" tents.

April 8—Started this morning at and made a march of seventeen miles, arriving in camp at 3. We marched over a beautiful rolling prairie today, but the timber was scarce. We camped tonight in an old Secesh's hog pasture, but we made a pretty good thing of it, as he had considerable mowed oats that made a good bed at night and good feed for our horses the next morning. There was plenty

of seasoned wood which was not all there when we left in the morning. His poultry was also in good order for eating. Taking all things into consideration, I rather think he repented the next morning that he had been so mulish the night before, as he had offered Col. Wilson $50 rather than let him camp on his ground. He'll do.

April 9—This morning we started about 7 and came on through to Des Moines the capital of the state, a distance of thirteen miles. We passed through the city about 12 o'clock and went on five miles below. We had another fine day, the country a little more broken than what we passed over the day before. We had a very nice camp, it being in a body of pretty heavy timber and the water lying right across the road from the right of our lines.

April 10—Col. Wilson having received orders to muster his men on this day, we were ordered to lay over, which we did, and were mustered at 2 o'clock, for the purpose, I believe, of ascertaining the strength of the army. As I understand it this was the order all over the country wherever any of the army was stationed. Here two of our company who had gone home from Davenport reported back to the company—Corporal M. D. Watkins and Private Ira G. Preston. Here also two of Company deserted—Corporal Hall and Private W. Kirk—and have not as we believe ever been heard from. This was a very warm day.

April 11—Started this morning at 7 and made a march of twenty miles, arriving in camp on the east side of the river from Adell, the county seat of Dallas county, about 3 in the afternoon. We had a good camp, being right on the banks of the Coon river, and plenty of timber. We had a very rough day for marching, it blowing, raining and snowing all day. We marched over a good country, being high prairie, good water and wood.

April 12—Today according to orders from Col. Wilson we laid over and had religious services as follows: Preaching at 3 in the afternoon and prayer meeting at 7 in the evening. Organized a regimental association. The day passed off very pleasantly.

April 13—Got off this morning at 7:30 and marched some twenty-one miles and encamped on a small stream. Had a good camping place. Passed through several small villages. Fine country to travel over. Had a pleasant day.

April 14—Started at the usual time this morning and made a

march of seventeen miles, arriving in camp at 1 o'clock. We encamped on the prairie a mile west of a village called Dalmenta. Traveled over high rolling prairie all day with but little timber in sight; not much water.

April 15—Started between 7 and 8 this morning, made a march of eighteen miles and got into camp on Turkey creek at 3 o'clock. Company L on guard. We had a good camp. We travelled over a wide rolling prairie. This prairie is some forty miles wide. We only passed two houses during the day. Sergeant Walling and Private Leighty got passes to go and see some of their friends.

April 16—Started at an early hour this morning and made a march of twenty-four miles over a prairie country, arriving in camp some three miles west of Lewis, the county seat of Cass county, about 4 in the afternoon. We passed through a village called Grove City. Some five miles before we got into camp one of our men went into a creek to water his horse. The horse began to sink and the man fell off or partly so, and came near drowning. But as serious as it was to him, he made such a ludicrous appearance that the rest could not help laughing at him; and it has furnished the foundation for a good many jokes at his expense ever since. Here we were also visited by some of the ladies of the city who treated us to some singing, but I must confess that it was not the kind to please the most fastidious.

April 17—Started this morning at the usual time and made a march of twenty-two miles and encamped on the Nishebotany. Travelled over a fine country and arrived in camp at 2 o'clock. It was a warm, windy day. Sergeant Walling reported back to the company tonight and was put under arrest for being absent without leave.

April 18—Started early this morning and marched over prairie all day. It was a cold, windy day. Made a march of twenty-six miles, arrived at Council Bluffs and then went about five miles up the river from the city and encamped on the banks of the Missouri river. Our arrival in the city was welcomed by firing of cannon and other demonstrations of joy which kind of revived us up after the tiresome march of the day. We did not get down to camp til dark, but we got into a pretty good place for a camp, being right in a grove of willows and cottonwoods; plenty of wood and water.

April 19—This day, in accordance with orders we laid over and

had religious ceremonies as usual only the Chaplain got a minister from the city to come up and preach for him. His name was Clark. I believe he was a Methodist. It was a cold windy day, snowing some, but we had plenty of wood.

April 20—Laid over today. I don't know what the object was, but I guess to wait for our trains to come up, as the teams we got at Brooklyn had fallen behind some. We went and marched all through the town today and then back to camp. Had a very good view of the city. It is an active place, being the point for furnishing out trains to cross the plains to Pike's Peak and California. It was one of the liveliest places I have ever seen in Iowa—except McGregor. Nearly opposite our camp is Omaha city, the capital city of Nebraska. On a high bluff in plain sight is the capitol building—a splendid-looking building for a frontier.

April 21—Started this morning at 8 and marched up through the city again where we were saluted while passing through with one shot from the artillery for every company, which, with the rest they had excited our horses enough to make them feel like pulling on the bits pretty hard. Our course today most all the time was right along the Missouri river bottom, perfectly level; heavy timber close to the river and back fine land for cultivation. It was a fine day, cool but pleasant. Passed through one or two villages, one called Crescent City. We made a march of twenty miles and finally brought up on a stream called Boyer river. Here we had a splendid camp, right among large cottonwood and elm timber and little or no underbrush. In the evening after roll call we were startled by the cry of "Fire!" There was a squad detailed from every company to ascertain where it was. We found it on the bluff back of camp and coming down pretty fast. We made a charge on the enemy and completely routed him, horse, foot and dragoons. This being the first fight the Sixth has had, I think they did a pretty good thing of it. Some of our horses got into the river here and were drowned before they could be extricated.

April 22—Started this morning at the usual time. Passed through a town called Calhoun, watered and rested and then came on to the Little Sioux river where we stopped for the night, having made a march of twenty-eight miles, and over a beautiful country, being a splendid bottom and plenty of cottonwood timber. Had

plenty of wood. There was a small village close to our encampment called Little Sioux.

April 23—This morning we got off early and made a march of some twenty-eight miles and camped on the bottom without wood or water any ways near. Had a fine day for marching and fine country to march through. Passed through a town called Onawa, the county seat of Monona county—a rather dry town..

April 24—Today we made about twenty miles and camped on a frog pond. There was a town close to camp called Woodbury, noted for a female seminary. It is also called Sergeants Bluff, on account of being the burying-place of Sergeants who died here a great many years ago. The spot of his grave is on one of the highest points and is plainly seen from the town.

April 25—This morning we made our calculations to reach our destination tonight, so we got off at 6 o'clock and soon commenced climbing the bluff and got up on to a dry, high ridge, which we followed about nine miles and then came down on to the bottom at Sioux City, a distance of fifteen miles from our encampment. We marched through the town and then went down to the Big Sioux river.

IN DAKOTA.

Here we got ferried across and for the first time found ourselves outside of the United States and in Dakota Territory. Our camp is situated on the point between the Missouri and Sioux rivers. It is a fine bottom skirted on each side with timber composed of cottonwood, although there is some soft maple and elm. Our camp was named in honor of our commanding General—Cook. It is about six miles northwest of Sioux City, the county seat of Woodbury county and the headquarters of the Military District of Dakota. It is the calculation to lay over here for some time to recruit and fit up for an active campaign, as we can't go up much further till navigation on the Missouri is resumed.

Just a word here on the subject of the country through which we have passed. From Davenport to Brooklyn is a rough, broken country; from Brooklyn to Council Bluffs it is open prairie, very little timber, and the prairie broken, water plenty and good; from Council Bluffs to Sioux City is, in my opinion, the flower of Western Iowa—level prairie, plenty of timber and water; the Missouri bottom at some points is as much as ten miles wide. All the the drawback to it would be that of inundation.

April 26—Wet day in camp and a very dull one at that. It was so wet that we did not have the usual religious exercises.

April 27—Another dull camp day. The boys found an old Indian buried on a tree

April 28—Another damp kind of a day but cleared off fine about noon, when we were all drawn up in line to have orders read to us by the Adjutant about drill, passes, etc. We were ordered to drill at 9:30 company drill; at 2 in the afternoon regimental drill, and dress parade at 4 in the evening. In regard to passes, no soldier was allowed to go across the Sioux river without a pass, and passes were to be given only when on government business. Commissioned officers had to have passes from their superiors before they could pass. What a small piece of petty tyranny. The Colonel made a short

speech for us in which he assured us that we would be mustered and paid between the 30th of April and the 10th of May.

April 29—Another splendid morning. We drilled twice today and had dress parade.

April 30—This is the day set apart by the President for humiliation and prayer. We had preaching at 3 o'clock. Mustered for pay at 10 o'clock.

May 1—Drilled in the forenoon. It commenced raining about noon so we did not drill in the afternoon. Had dress parade at 4 o'clock as usual.

May 2—Had battalion drill in the forenoon and dress parade at 6:30; then watered horses.

May 3—Had our regular Sunday morning inspection, preaching at 10 and prayer meeting at 7 in the Major's tent.

May 4—Had saber drill at 9 o'clock on horseback. At 2 it was raining so we did not get out on battalion drill, but later drilled an hour and then had dress parade.

May 5—Had the regular drill today. We are getting ready to bake our own bread. We signed the pay rolls today, greenbacks coming soon. The Second Nebraska Cavalry arrived in camp today. Their tents are north of ours. They are to go along with us on our campaign.

May 6—Drill and dress parade as usual; fine day.

May 7—The usual exercises today; another beautiful day.

May 8—Today the paymaster having come we were all paid off, much to our gratification, never having been paid anything by the government from the time we were mustered.

May 9—Had company drill in the forenoon and in the afternoon instead of drilling we all went to the Sioux river and took a wash which was beneficial in the extreme. Two men from Company L, Renalds Craig and Tom Nicholson, deserted, taking with them horses and saddles, which they took up the river some distance and them turned the horses loose and threw the saddles away. There were also some two or three deserters from Company M. Sergeant Perrin, Corporal Murphy and Privates Lighty and Hunt were sent in pursuit.

May 10—Had the regular Sunday morning inspection and preaching by the Chaplain at 10 o'clock. Capt. Ames, Sergeant

Woodward and Sergeant Fuller started on a trip after deserters.

May 11—Had the regular drill and dress parade. Sergeant Drips was detailed with a squad of four men, Corporal Robinson and Privates Flinn, Caldwell and McNamarra, to hunt deserters. We had rations for two days and were ordered to take a southeasterly direction. We started first to Sioux City and then from there we went to Smithland, a small town on the Little Sioux river. It was a poor excuse for a town. We only found two houses on the route and but one of them inhabited. That is a stage station, and the distance is forty-five miles. Not having seen anything of the objects of our search we put up for the night at the only tavern in the place.

May 12—Started back this morning. My horse gave out and I had to pay the stage fare of one of the men back to Sioux City, where we arrived at 5 in the evening. Here we learned that they had caught the deserters over in Nebraska and had one of them in jail at Sioux City. We went on down to camp and found all the squads back from our company none of them having heard anything from the deserters. The regiment had their drills and dress parade as usual.

May 13—Instead of drilling this morning we went out and grazed our horses; then had company drill at 2 in the afternoon and dress parade at 4:20. The squad of men sent out by Company M for hunting up deserters succeeded in bringing all in from their company and from ours too.

May 14—Grazed horses and had regimental drill at 2 o'clock. Nothing else occurred to mar the monotony of camp life.

May 15—Grazed horses. An order came for Capt. Ames, Sergeant Woodward and Sergeant Drips to report at Sioux City as witnesses on a court martial. Went up, but was not called on and went to the Hagy house and put up.

May 16—The regiment had the regular exercises. The court martial was organized with Col. Pollock as umpire and Maj. House as judge advocate. Lieut. Scott had his trial today for drunkenness. We were ordered back to camp with orders to report back again Monday at 11 o'clock.

May 17—Had inspection this morning at 9:30 and preaching at 10:30. News came down from Fort Pierre that the hostile Indians were making themselves obnoxious at that point, not having the fear of Uncle Sam properly before their eyes. Maj. Ten Broeck was

ordered to have his battalion ready to march immediately, which order was obeyed with a will, as the men had got rather tired lying in camp so long at a time.

May 18—Packed up this morning and got ready to march by 8 o'clock, and started up the river. Nothing of importance occurred. Arrived at Vermillion in good season, having marched about twenty-eight miles. Capt. Ames, Woodward and myself went to Sioux City where we loafed around all day, neither one of our men having had his trial.

May 19—The battalion started this morning, crossed Vermil'ion river and came on to the Jim river. Crossed that and camped making a march of thirty miles. Passed through a settlement today. Land good, plenty of timber, and good water. Our men being called up for trial, we were examined, got our discharge, and after laying in a few things for the journey we started back to Camp Cook, where we arrived at 9 o'clock, and made our bunk right out in the open air, our tents having all gone with the battalion.

May 20—The battalion started this morning pretty early and made a march of twenty-five miles, which brought them to Bon Homme, passing through Yankton, the capital of Dakota. We, after taking breakfast with Mrs. Haley, started and went through to Vermillion where we put up for the night. There were about thirty in our squad. It was awful windy.

May 21—The battalion, after passing a very disagreeable night on a sand bank, got off in good season and made a march of twenty miles and arrived at Tackets, a trading post on Choteau Creek. Our party started pretty early and went on through to Yankton, where we put up for the night. We had an awful heavy rain.

May 22—The battalion started in good season and went right across a dry barren ridge, arriving at the Missouri river opposite Fort Randall about 4 o'clock, and went up the river some two miles where they encamped. Our party having had an early start made our way through to Tackets Station, a distance of forty miles, where we put up for the night. It rained on us some during the day. The First Battalion left Camp Cook today, but as I was not with them I will not attempt to write much about them until such time as they all get up with us and we all act in concert.

May 23—Today the battalion was ordered to commence crossing the river, but the boat being small they made rather slow prog-

ress. One man from Company H was shoved off the boat and went to the bottom. Having all his arms on he could not exert himself to swim, so he was drowned. His name was Frazer, and he was from Guttenberg, Clayton county. Company H did not all get over. Our party left Tackets early and came on to the Yankton Agency, where we arrived about 11 o'clock, and then came on up to camp, arriving about 4 o'clock. Was a very warm day. The Yankton agency is on the Missouri river about fifteen miles below Fort Randall.

May 24—Company L on guard today. After putting railings round the boat to prevent further accidents, Company B started across and succeeded in all getting across and went into camp south of the Fort.

May 25—Company L crossed today. After we thought the company was all over we found Corporal Caldwell, and Privates Clark and Pettit among the missing, and after comparing notes we found they had skedaddled. Sergeant Drips, Corporal Watkins, Privates Hunt, Scott, Lamphier and Presho were started after them. We got across the river and got three Indians to go with us as guides. We rode till 12 o'clock at night and then lay down on the prairie and slept.

May 26—We were off at daybreak and rode over the prairie till 9 o'clock when Corporal Watkins, taking two men, started on the direct road to Tackets, and I and the other two men and the Indians took the direction of the Agency. Once here we got our dinner and then started for Tackets, arriving there at 6 o'clock. We found the First Battalion here and Clark held a prisoner by them, the other party having found him trying to work his way back to camp. They got their dinner and started on toward Bon Homme. We got our supper and put up for the night. The Indians left us at the Agency.

May 27—We waited till 9 o'clock for our partners and then started back. Came on to Choteau creek, grazed our horses till noon and they not coming up, we went on to the fort, arriving at about dark. Here we found the First Battalion had come in and turned Clark over to the Captain. The other boys got in about 12 o'clock, not having found either of the others.

May 28—This morning we got off at 8 o'clock for Fort Pierre, Company E having crossed the river on Tuesday. We climbed the

rugged bluffs of the Missouri and spread out before us was an extensive plain, rather barren looking. On that we made a march of twenty-five miles and encamped on Willow Creek, where we had good grass, poor water and not very plenty of wood. Saw no game of any kind. Company L was on guard. I with a squad of six men was on the advance. We had picket guards out at night.

May 29—Started pretty early this morning. Travel'ed over the same kind of high, dry and barren country we came over yesterday. Made a march of twenty-five miles and arrived in camp at 3 o'clock. We made our camp on Ponca creek, and had pretty good water, plenty of wood, but no grass. Here we had an alarm. Some one seeing Indians, or signs thereof, we were ordered to load our guns and if anything turned up to come out in front of our tents and "right dress." We saw some antelope today for the first time on our march.

May 30—Started this morning at 7 and travelled over the same kind of a country as before. We made a march of twenty-five miles and encamped on what is called Big Hole, or Devil's Hole. He we thought it was going to rain, but it ended in a big blow. We had plenty of water and wood, but no grass. Last night we slept first-rate, not being disturbed by the Indians. Hope it will be so tonight.

Had a good night's rest, not being disturbed by any of the hostile bands of Indians. We started pretty early and made a march of fifteen miles. It was cool and windy today. The same dry, barren country as heretofore. Saw plenty of antelope; also some blossms of the prickly pear. They were fine flowers. The appearance of the country indicated iron and stone coal. Our camp was made on White Earth river, a splendid running stream of water. We got in about 3 o'clock. Had a good camp.

June 1—Did not get started early this morning on account of it taking some time to cross the river, but we finally got started and travelled over high, dry, barren country as before. We made a march of fifteen miles and encamped on Medicine creek. Had good wood, bad water and grass. Company L on guard today. Corporal Murphy arrested for shooting a little antelope. We got into camp about 1 o'clock.

June 2—Got started this morning at the usual time, made a march of twenty-five miles and encamped on Cedar creek, where

There was no water fit to use, it all being impregnated with alkali. No grass, plenty of wood. Got into camp pretty early. Some of the men brought in an antelope. Commissary Sergeant A. W. Hunt got quite badly hurt. While coming into camp at a pretty fast gait his horse stumbled or slipped into a wolf hole and threw him over his head. He fell with the butt of his revolver or the hilt of his saber under him. Hunt was pretty good weight and when he came down it meant something had dropped. As it was he was badly crippled for several days, riding in the wagon part of the time. Hope it will not permanently injure him, as Hunt is one is one of our best men.

June 3—Made a march of sixteen miles and stopped on the Little Missouri to wait for the wagons, and they not coming up soon we camped there. We crossed Antelope creek, a dry stream. The rest of the road was on a high, dry ridge. We had a good camp. Good water and wood, but no grass.

June 4—Started this morning and came seven miles, which brought us to Fort Pierre, arriving at 8 in the morning. Made our camp right below the fort. The fort is built on the bank of the river where there is neither wood or grass. It is built of cottonwood pickets sunk into the ground some three feet and stand some twelve feet above the ground, the buildings all being inside of the pickets. The buildings are the store, the storekeeper's house, barracks for a company of infantry, officers' quarters, and a bastion on two corners. We found here one company of the Forty-first Infantry, or rather the Seventh Cavalry. This is more of a trading port than a fort.

June 5—Started this morning and went down the river some three miles near where old Fort Pierre was in order to get grass and wood, but found that it was about as scarce as it was above. Company L on guard. There was a detail made from Company H to go down with the mail as an escort. Our days are pretty warm and nights cool.

June 6—This was a very windy day, the sand blowing in perfect clouds all around so you could hardly see. The mail started today, escort of ten men and a corporal and sergeant. Nothing of note transpired in camp during the day.

June 7—Another dull day in camp, nothing going on to mar the monotonous routine of camp life.

June 8—Company L on guard. Sergeant Drips was sent in

charge of a squad of men to prevent men from the steamboat selling liquor to the Indians. They did not attempt to do this and the squad was dismissed.

June 9--Was started on another expedition today of the same character as the one yesterday, but the boat did not stop at the lower fort at all. It went right on to the other one. La Fromboy, which is some three miles above Pierre, and is of the same size and built in the same style. There was some of the Seventh Cavalry stationed here to guard the post. Here the boat landed and discharged her amount of freight and was going to start out, but the lines were taken possession of about 400 or 500 Indian warriors. The Indians refused to let the boat go until the captain gave them a present, as they claimed that Gen. Harney had told them that every boat that came up the river would give them something. This the captain refused to do. The Indians then sent their squaws off to ther tepees and showed every sign of armed resistance. Here Col. Pattee counselled the captain, instead of turning the military force upon them, to accede to their demands, and as the captain had no force, he was compelled to do so, and came down by giving them some crackers and tobacco. Here was lost one of the finest chances for an Indian fight we had on the whole expedition through the cowardice, or lack of energy, or something else, of Col. Pattee, as all the other officers, among whom none was more prominent than Maj. TenBroeck, went in for pitching in and clearing them out. And in the opinion of the writer of this, if we had had a fight with them there and made them knock under, as we had such a splendid opportunity of doing, we would have had a good many less to have encountered at White Stone Hill, as a good many of the men that were in this scrape were recognized in the conflict up above. It would be superfluous to say that the boys of the Second Battalion, as well as the boys in the fort, begged for the opportunity of turning the "bull dogs" on them--were anxious for the fray.

June 10--Another dull camp day, nothing going to mar the monotony of the scene except the talk occusioned by the affray of yesterday and nursing our wounds a little.

June 11--Started this morning on a battalion graze, but did not find much grass. I guess the officers who found it out the day before had green spectacles on. We returned and had dress parade.

June 12--This was a very warm day and we were ordered to

pack up for another march. Went down the river some two miles and found good grass and a pleasant place for camping although some ways for wood.

[A scouting party left Fort Randall on the 12th, an account of which will be given here.]

TO THE DIRT LODGES.

HEADQUARTERS FORCES IN FIELD, DEPT. N. W., CAMP
NEAR FORT RANDALL, D. T., JUNE 11, 1863.

CAPTAIN:

Sir:—You will detail from your company, D, Sixth Iowa Volunteer Cavalry forty (40) to be commanded by yourself, to be joined by twenty (20) men commanded by Lieut. E. H. Gaylord, of Company G, Sixth Iowa Volunteer Cavalry, at 7 a. m., June 12, 1863, to be ready to cross the Missouri on the ferry boat at Fort Randall, D. T. The men will be armed complete. They will be furnished with 12 rounds of ammunition for their revolvers and with 20 rounds for their rifles. The men will be furnished with 12 days' rations, four days of which they will carry in their haversacks and the remaining eight transportation will be supplied for. To be ready to move from the north side of the Missouri river against the Indians at Dirt Lodges on James river, at 1 p. m. of June 12, 1863, without tents and all unnecessary luggage. This expedition to be under command of Capt. T. W. Burdick, Sixth Iowa Cavalry. You will take 3 pack horses with pack saddles and other paraphrenalia. When you return from Dirt Lodges you will cross the Firesteel ten miles from its mouth where you will be met by a detachment proceeding from these headquarters with provisions for your command. You will report at these headquarters as soon as the proper care of the horses and stock in your command will permit.

By order of S. M. POLLOCK,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding in Field.

W. A. HEATH, Acting Adjutant.

To Capt. T. W. Burdick, Company D, Sixth Iowa Cavalry.

In obedience to the foregoing order a command of 60 picked men well mounted and fully armed left the north bank of the Missouri river opposite Fort Randall under command of Capt. T. W. Burdick at 1 p. m. June 12, 1863, for the Dirt Lodges on James riv-

er, about 200 miles Fort Randall, where the Sioux Indians were reported to be in rendezvous. Capt. Burdick secured a Yankton Indian known as "Left Hand," or "Red Grass," as guide. Rapid march was made and the day before Dirt Lodge was reached a small band of roving Indians was discovered. There were but seven in the party. Capt. Burdick ordered a squad under command of Quartermaster Sergeant Miller to advance upon them. This was done on the gallop and as the Indians were approached they opened fire and attempted to escape. Sergeant Miller opened fire on them and they immediately surrendered. They were taken prisoners and taken with the command to the Dirt Lodges. They expected there would there be found a large force of hostile Sioux Indians.

On arriving at the Lodges it was discovered that the Sioux had arrived there, had planted their corn and had left for the Missouri river or country west. The prisoners were then interrogated and compelled at the risk of their lives to disclose what they knew or believed as the movements of the Sioux. They discovered and revealed the trail from the Dirt Lodges westward, and it was taken by Capt. Burdick and his command to Medicine Lake, about fifty miles, in the hope of coming up on them. No discovery of the Indians was made and the rations on hand would not permit their longer pursuit. Capt. Burdick broke camp at Medicine Lake and struck for the crossing on the Firesteel where supplies were to be sent. This point was reached and a detachment from Fort Randall found there with supplies.

This scout was made into the Indian country and was considered extremely hazardous for so small a command. Capt. Burdick was much disappointed in not finding the Indians at the Dirt Lodges. Every man in his command was eager for a brush with the Indians and considered themselves good for at least 300 warrriors.

On return to headquarters near Fort Randall Capt. Burdick turned over the prisoners. They were examined and gave such an account of themselves that they were released by Col. Pollock. The command marched over 400 miles on this scout.

This account was given me by the Captain. The scout was considered by all a risky piece of business, but Capt. Burdick, although not one of the b'ustery kind, would have shown the hostiles some things the had not reckoned on had he met them at the Dirt Lodges.

NEAR FORT PIERRE.

June 13—Had an awful windy day, but warm. Company L was on guard. Nothing of importance occurred.

June 14—Had a very warm day, nearly suffocating. Here we turn out our horses early in the morning and let them run till night, as they have a chance of going to water at will.

June 15—We made another move of camps, going some two miles above Fort La Fromboy, and camped on a regular sand bank on the Big Muddy, the wind blowing the sand every shape.

June 16—Another windy day. Had to have a horse guard out today, as we turn our horses out. It is three months since we left Davenport.

June 17—Another warm day. Nothing of importance occurred more than usual.

June 18—Maj. TenBroeck went out today to hunt pasture and accidentally shot himself in the arm. Got him back as far as Fort Pierre. It is one month since we left Camp Cook, or Sioux City.

June 19—Went out this morning and grazed our horses some five miles from camp. We got our mail in and had a good large one, which was welcomed by all.

June 20—Another warm day and a lonely day in camp. Was out grazing horses some five miles from camp.

June 21—Company L on guard today. Capt. Ames got orders to furnish an escort for the mail to start tomorrow.

June 22—This morning was ordered to turn out and take charge of ten men—Houland, Depue, Hunt, Lamphere, NcNamarra, Sherman, Wheeler, Weedo, Presho and Scott—as a mail escort. We started, got the mail at Pierre about 10 o'clock and came on to the Little Missouri where we grazed and then went on to Cedar creek and cooked supper. Then we went on some eight or nine miles and laid up for the night right out on the prairie.

June 23—Started early and came on to Medicine creek and took breakfast. Laid there till 2 and then we came on some ten miles

and took supper: then came on to White Earth river and camped in the safest place we could find.

June 24—Started this morning after breakfast and came on to Big Hole creek. My horse gave out here. We laid till 3 and then went on up the creek some nine or ten miles and camped. Some of our horses stampeded and James Hunt saw an Indian.

June 25—Started this morning at a pretty early hour and made a pretty long march, coming through to a creek some seven miles north of Willow creek. We arrived at 9 o'clock at night. Scott's horse gave out and the rest were tired.

June 26—Started early and came on to Willow creek, and watered: then came on to Sulphur Springs and fed, and then came down to Fort Randall, arriving at 6 o'clock. Here we got into Col. Pollock's tent, drew our rations, made some other preparations, and then retired and enjoyed a good night's sleep.

June 27—This morning went round and looked after things a little. Got some corn for our horses. We found here the First Battalion of the Sixth, Company A and Company K on this side of the river and Company D and Company G on the other side. We had our horses out grazing.

June 28—This is a beautiful morning. We had some of our horses out grazing and the others were getting shod.

June 29—Drew rations today to do us on our march up and corn for our horses and about 11 o'clock we got started and went as far as Sulphur Springs and stopped awhile: then went on about half a mile and camped for the night. A number of the boys were sick.

June 30—Started at 6 and made a march of twenty-five miles and encamped on a stream called Spring creek. We got in about 11 o'clock and laid up for the night. Here we had a heavy dew, something new in this part of the world.

July 1—Started this morning at sunrise and came to Eight Elms, and took breakfast: then came on to Ponca creek, took dinner, and then came on to the first crossing on Big Hole creek and camped. The night was cool.

July 2—Started this morning pretty early and made a march of fifteen miles. Took dinner and then came on to White river and camped for the night.

July 3—Started this morning at 6 and came on to Medicine creek, took dinner and then came on to Cedar creek, arriving at 9

o'clock. Here a rather amusing incident occurred that gave us something to laugh at a good while after. Just before dark we saw away to the northwest a large fire which was declared by the stage driver to be a signal fire of the Indians. One of our men whose turn it was to go on guard that night was taken suddenly very ill and was not fit to take his post. He may have been sick, but some were just uncharitable enough not to believe him. It was very dark but we stumbled on to some good grass but no water. It rained quite a shower on us, but we were not much vexed about that, as it had been very dry. We got no supper that night.

July 4 —This morning we were astir pretty early and to our joy one of the horses had got loose and stumbled on to some water. It was pretty strong with alkali, but being boiled down we got a kettle full of coffee which all enjoyed first rate after fasting the night before. Then we got off and had one of the hardest marches of the trip, over a dry, barren ridge, and very hot and not a drop of water in our canteens to quench our burning thirst. But we persevered, and reached the Little Missouri at 2 o'clock, tired, thirsty and hungry. We saw coming along where the Indians had been the night before by the tracks of their ponies, as it had rained during the night. On the gulch that runs down to the Little Missouri there had been a tremendous rain, and masses of earth that would weigh a ton or more were torn out. After resting and bathing awhile here we took supper and started for Fort Pierre where we arrived at a little after night. On our arrival we found that the battalion had left their camp. We got fixed up as well as we could, taking our horses about a mile above the fort to graze. Here the boys camped for the night.

July 5—This morning we started the mail up to camp in the sutler's wagon. Went on to the upper fort, got our breakfast and started, after leaving Privates Scott, Wheeler and Lamphere behind to take care of the three horses that had given out on the route. We struck right up the bluff and then across an extensive barren plain for about fifteen miles, then back to the river where we found the boys had camped some time. Here we followed the river awhile, then climbed the bluffs, followed the ridges awhile and then came down to the river again, and found the boys nestled among the trees as comfortable as soldiers well could be, considering the circumstances under which they were placed. They had a beautiful camp, be-

ing right on the Missouri river, bottom grass about six or eight inches high, scattering trees of cottonwood made a fine shade, and water close and easy of access. It was very hot. We got in about 2 o'clock and were heartily welcomed back.

Here I will relate a circumstance that happened just before we went down to Randall. The particulars are about like this: A sergeant from the First Battalion went out after horses and run across an Indian who he said drew a bow on him. He came back to camp and reported to Col. Pollock, who immediately started Companies G and K to look them up and bring in an account of them. Capt. Moreland with Company G went out to Ponca creek and found some seven or eight Indians. He took them prisoners, put a guard over them and went on with the rest of the company to hunt up some more. While they were gone, the soldiers said the prisoners attempted to escape and the soldiers fired on them, killing all but one, and he was so badly wounded that he died shortly afterwards. The Indians after they found they were betrayed fought like tigers, but superior numbers soon trod them down.

During the absence of the squad detailed to guard the mail between Old Fort Pierre and Randall the battalion moved up the river fifteen or eighteen miles and camped in a timber nook. They had a good camp, with wood, water and grass, and enjoyed themselves hugely. Far enough away from the forts to hear no hostile Indian reports and as no mail came there was no news in camp except what sprung up in some one's imagination and told to see what effect it would have. And it is strange that some of these improbable yarns were fully believed, the listener not taking time to reflect that the narrator had no opportunity of hearing such news. Of course there was a sufficient guard out, but aside from this, and dress parade, military discipline, poker, and euchre were indulged in as pastime. And thus the days passed in the timber camp until the mail came back laden with messages from the absent ones back in Iowa.

July 6—Was spent soldiering in camp, nothing being done. Lamphere and Scott got back to camp.

July 7—Another dull camp day soldiering.

July 8—This was was a very hot day. One of the men refused to go on guard and we tied him up to a tree. He succeeded in coming to a sense of his duty. We got orders to move tomorrow.

July 9—Got up at 3 and fixed up ready to march by 5. We

started down stream, went some ten miles and laid over till 5 in the evening. Then we went on down the river and travelled till 1 o'clock. Got lost several times, but finally brought up at the old camp below Fort Pierre. We turned our horses out and bunked down as well as we could.

July 10—Everyone being pretty tired, a good many slept nearly all day. Was quite cool.

July 11—Another dull day in camp; nothing to do. Was pretty hot. Got orders to move up to upper camp.

July 12—Packed up and started up to Pierre and then up to our old camp. Company B crossed the river.

July 13—Got up early this morning and got on the boat and crossed the river. Made a short march and camped at Camp Peoria about dark. We had to move on account of fire and went up a mile or so and camped for the night.

July 14—Started this morning and went up the river some three miles and camped again.

July 15—Another fine day. Our camp is some eighty rods from the river. We have our tents all fixed up with willows so that they are very comfortable, except the weather is very warm. On the evening of the 13th we thought the whole of the bottom was on fire, hence the necessity of moving our camp. We have plenty of good grass here.

July 16—Another fine day, very warm. Some three or four of our men sick with "Dakota quickstep.

July 17—Another very warm day. Nothing transpired to mar the monotony of the regular routine of camp life.

July 18—Today we were ordered out to drill on foot for the benefit of our health, in order to give us exercise. This has been a very hot day. Had a shower in the night.

July 19—Laid in camp all day, it being Sunday. Very hot. We have picket and camp guards both here.

July 20—Got orders to move today. Got all packed up and started at 1:30, got down to old camp Peoria at 3 and had our tents all pitched by sundown. More of the men down with diarrhœa. It was warm and fine.

July 21—Another fine day for soldiering. Had a short saber drill in the morning.

July 22—Another warm day. Three steamboats came down

today. One of them had a fight with the Indians and lost four men. Some of them was for going right past, but they fired one or two shots across ahead of them and made them lie to. The infantry that were across the river at Pierre and La Fromboy are brought over to guard the stores left here by the boats that come up.

July 23—Another dull camp day. Our company, L, was on guard.

July 24—Still the same dull routine. No word from the brigade.

July 25—We had the scene varied some today the arrival of the Third Battalion of our regiment along with the General and his staff and Company I of the Seventh Cavalry, who compose his body guard. We are now looking for an onward move as soon as possible. They brought in a large mail for us stationed here.

July 26 Had our regular religious services today. It is the first time we have had our Chaplain with us since we left Sioux City.

July 27 There was a fire broke out north of the camp today. It took some pretty sharp work to get it extinguished. It burnt over quite a lot of our pasture ground.

July 28—The First Battalion came up today and made their camp right north of ours. The Second Nebraska Cavalry came up within twelve miles of our camp and camped. The Belle Peoria went down today and took our mail. The two boats brought provisions for 2,500 men thirty days.

July 29—Another dull camp day. Nothing transpired to alter the regular routine of the day. It was very warm.

July 30—Had a fine day, rather too warm, but not quite as hot as it has been. Spent most of the time as usual speculating about our future movements.

July 31—Drilled this morning from 8 till 9:30, which gave us a good degree of exercise.

August 1—We had a drill today in the forenoon, about an hour and a half. Had quite a fire in Company B's quarters. It burnt revolvers, etc., amounting to considerable.

August 2 Had inspection at 9 o'clock; at 10 preaching; at 4, Bible class; at dark, prayer meeting. So passed the day.

August 3 Got orders to move this morning. Part of our horses were out and after hunting them up we got started about 8.

Came up the river some eight or nine miles and encamped a little piece above Harney's old camp. Had a good camp, only it was quite a distance from the water. Had plenty of wood. Corporal Watkins returned with Ira Preston, who had deserted at Camp Peoria. He found him about half way between Peoria and Crow Creek.

August 4—This was a very hot day, but we had our tents fixed up with brush so as not to feel the effects as much as we otherwise would have done. Was roused up last night by an alarm of fire and had to get up and send out a detail. It was burning the grass, which made it bad for our horses, but it did not come near our tents, so it did not matter much to any but those who had to put it out.

August 5—Another very hot day. Nothing happened to mar the monotony of camp life.

August 6—Still another hot day. Branded our horses and moved our camp still farther from wood and water. Got a mail from the south today.

August 7—Another warm day and in the evening it blew up quite a hurricane.

August 8—Got round this morning in good health. Had our horses in pasture down to Harney's old camp. The report is that the Indians are in force 100 miles above.

August 9—Had inspection at 9 o'clock, Bible class at 2 and preaching at 7 by the chaplain, which made the day pass off very pleasantly.

August 10—As usual another day spent in masterly inactivity.

August 11—Sergeant Woodward and Corporal Watkins were summoned as witnesses on a regimental conrt martial to try Ira Preston and others for desertion, but on account of the Judge Advocate being sick the court martial was adjourned till after the expedition returned.

August 12—Got orders today to march on tomorrow, consequently the whole camp was in an unusual stir in packing up their traps so as to take only such things along as it was necessary, for Gen. Sully had promised to show us some Indians to fight before we got back and we did not want to have any unnecessary incumbrances.

THE EXPEDITION.

August 13—This morning, being fixed for starting we got up early and by 7 were ready to march. It was a fine day with every prospect of continuing so. Only our regiment started from this camp, the others being below with the General. We left Corporal Duling and Privates Hazlett and Walker at the hospital at Camp Peoria. We marched over a dry, barren ridge without the appearance of water till about 12 o'clock when we came on to a little stream, having marched some eighteen miles. Here we found the balance of the brigade. Thus ended our first day's march on the great expedition.

August 14—Did not get started this morning till late on account of the brigade not getting together, but finally we got off and in the following order:

The advance guard, which was one of the companies of either the Sixth Iowa or the Second Nebraska.

The General and his staff, and his body guard, Company I, of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry.

The battery, of five mountain howizters.

The train in two files. On the left flank was the Second Nebraska and on the right flank was the Sixth Iowa.

In the rear of the wagons came the ambulances and to bring up all was one company detailed as rear guard.

The advance and rear guards were generally from different regiments. The advance guard was the picket guard at night while the rear guard was the train guard. Besides this we had a police guard, which was made by each regiment for itself. It was round

the camp at night and rode in the rear of the regiment in daylight and guarded prisoners. This was generally composed of one line officer of the day, one officer of the guard, two sergeants, three corporals and twelve privates. The whole brigade was under the charge of a field officer of the day. The picket guard was stationed three men on a post, one corporal in charge of two posts and one sergeant of four posts. We generally camped just in the same position we marched. This much description will suffice for the whole march as it was about the same all the way through.

We got out of the ravine and marched some eight miles and stopped to graze on a high, dry ridge. The order was to rest every two hours. We started again, made about eight miles further and encamped on the bluffs of the Missouri where we found no wood, no grass, and very poor water. We cooked with buffalo chips. It was very cold during the day, but at night there came up a wind from the north that nearly suffocated us with the heat. It was just as though it blew off a heated oven. We had a good night's rest.

August 15—Got started this morning at 8:30 and came on to a creek where we found good grass and water, and we rested quite awhile. Then we started on and made a march altogether of about fourteen miles and came down on to the Missouri river at the mouth of the Little Cheyenne river. It was very warm. We got into camp about 2 o'clock. A boat came up from Peoria with stores. This is a beautiful place, a fine bottom. The Cheyenne is about dry, but on digging down we found splendid water. We moved down on to the bottom with our kitchen machines and had a fine place to cook and eat, and plenty of good wood.

August 16—Laid over all day. It was very warm and windy. Had the same hot wind that visited us the Friday night before. We got a mail on the boat that come up and we made up quite a return mail as it was the last chance we had of sending back.

August 17—Another very warm day with the wind blowing as hard and as hot as ever. We got orders today to pack up everything we could spare, so as to make the boat as light as possible for our horses. Most of our Battalion packed up their tents, overcoats and all extra luggage that we could spare and sent them back on the

boat. The rest of the brigade retained their tents and overcoats, which proved to be wisdom in the end.

August 18—Another awful hot day. It rained some during the night, but not enought to amount to anything.

August 19—We had an awful storm of thunder, lightning and rain. Went up to see the great stone. It is a large flat stone with some tracks on it, three foot tracks and one hand track. They are sunk the whole depth of the foot in solid rock. It is supposed that it is an altar of Indian worship. The boys found a great many Indian trinkets, beads, etc. The Belle Peoria came up today with other stores, which looks as if we were going to start soon.

August 20—Got orders to start today, so we got all packed up with four days' rations of corn in sacks to carry on our horses. We got all saddled up and ready to start except the General, his staff and the battery, which was not fixed up as yet, when the sky darkened up and looked very portentious, indeed. It still came blacker and blacker, and louder and louder roared the thunder. But we were not kept long in suspense. The rain soon began to come, and come it did with a vengeance; and it not only rained, but it poured. Some of the men for protection fled to the shelter of the trees and the banks of the Cheyenne, but this soon proved an abortive measure, as the sequel will show. After raining about an hour it commenced to hail and oh, such hail! This continued for about an hour, the stones flying as thick as hail generally falls and the size of the stones was about, on an average, the size of a pigeon's egg; some of them a good deal larger, even to the size of a hen's egg. I tell you, when they came down on a poor soldier's pate it was unpleasant in the extreme. It made the horses come to Limerick, as a good many of them became unmanageable, and broke loose from their masters to seek refuge from the wild fury of the elements. To say that the regiment was thrown into confusion would poorly describe the state of affairs. The Nebraska regiment was on higher ground and their tents were not struck, so they were not in such a bad plight as we were. An hour after the storm commenced our camp ground was from six inches to three feet under water. The men and horses scattered in every direction wherever any protection from the storm could be secured. The teams too were all in readiness for departure when the storm came up. Some of them got across the Cheyenne before the rain came, but others that attempted the same thing

afterward were tipped over and the contents of the wagons spilled out in the middle of the stream. The Cheyenne, from a dry stream, rose in one hour to the depth of twelve feet, rushing and tearing everything before it, and the temporary bridge erected the day before to cross the brigade on was swept away. So suddenly did the stream come up that some of the men who had taken refuge under its friendly banks had scarcely time to get out before it overtook them, and some of them did not even have time to secure their luggage, and it was all swept away in the flood. Matters standing thus, it became impossible for us to move any further that night, so we got our horses and stuff gathered up and stuck ourselves wherever we could find a place that was not deluged, dried our blankets and clothing as well as we could and lay down and slept as well as we had done any time on the march. Thus ended one of the most terrific storms ever witnessed by any one in the command.

August 21—Got up this morning and the first order was a detail of a fatigue squad to build a bridge and as soon as it was accomplished we moved. This was about 12 m. our regiment only starting at this time. We marched around about fifteen miles and brought up again on the Little Cheyenne about six miles from where we started. We found a splendid place for a camp, plenty of wood, water and grass, and grass, too, that the horses liked, as it was the genuine buffalo grass. The hail storm had cooled down the air so that it made it fine for traveling, but rather cool for sleeping. The rest of the brigade came in some time in the night.

August 22—Did not get started very early on account of getting kind of out of shape some by the storm, but we finally got off by 11 a. m., Company K was advance and Company L rear guard. We found the rain and hail of the previous day had made an alteration in the road, none of the best, either, as we had to help the mules out of the mud several times during the day. Good grass and plenty of water on the road. We only made a march of nine miles and came into camp about 5. Camped on a small lake or pond. Good water and good grass. No wood, but we had obviated that by bringing some with us from the other camp.

August 23—A pretty cool morning to start on, but we got off about 6:30, made a march of twelve miles and camped on a creek called Bull Run. It was very cold and disagreeable all day. We got down on the creek bottom out of the wind to cook. Saw plenty

of wild hops, morning glories, burvines, etc. The Nebraska boys run down and killed a buffalo bull, hence the name.

August 24—Got off this morning at 5:30, made a march of twenty miles and camped on Sandy creek. Had a pretty cold day, but not as much so as yesterday. Company E killed a buffalo today. Depue brought in an antelope. Our route lay over a dry, rolling prairie, goodgrass. Had good water and wood, but no grass. Had a good camp.

August 25—Started this morning pretty early, made a march of twenty miles and encamped on a kind of a lake and had wood, water and grass. The most of the country over which we passed resembled lake country, but all dried up. The report is that we will have to come down to three-fourths rations. Today was the first buffalo of any amount that we have seen. The boys got leave from the General and pitched into them pretty steep, bringing in about twenty-five. As soon as one was killed a team was sent out after it, so that by the time we got into camp our buffaloes were there too, and they were issued out to us instead of the regular "sow-belly" and beef. We had a pretty good feast. The meat is good. The hump, I believe, is called the best part of it. It is rather course, but better than any beef Uncle Sam furnished, and very healthy, too, as one of our men could amply testify if questioned.

August 26—Left this morning in good season. The buffaloes were very plenty and the boys had some seven or eight killed before 8 o'clock. The prairie appeared to be covered with them. The men broke out in every direction and gave them chase and the excitement became intense. Four or five of them run right into the front of our column, which was a signal for a general rush. The firing became general and indiscriminate. One Lieutenant got so excited that he shot his own horse through the neck and several other horses were shot, and at least one was left on the ground dead. One yearling calf got so bewildered as to run right into one of the wagon wheels, and a captain killed it with his saber. The slaughter became so reckless that the General gave an order stopping the killing, as the animals were just shot and left lying on the prairie. Lieut. Coyle was reprimanded for shooting after the order was issued, but it was hard to resist the temptation. The General sent out some scouts today who brought in an Indian squaw. She informed them that Gen. Sibley had been up there and had had several fights with the

Indians and had defeated them, and scattered them in all directions, and that there were 500 or 600 lodges of Indians encamped on Jim river putting up meat for winter use. We traveled over a pretty nice country with good grass. We made a march of thirty-five miles. Had water on the road. Did not get into camp till after night. When we came down we thought we were coming to the Missouri, but it proved to be Beaver creek where we camped. Had a good camp, good water, wood and grass.

August 27—The bugle sounded at 4 and we got up and put our horses out and left them till 12 when we started once more and made a march of ten miles over a rough, broken country and encamped on the same stream. Had good grass and water, but not much wood. It was very cold.

August 28—Started this morning and made a march of twenty miles over a high barren country. Crossed one large Indian trail running towards the Jim river. Sent out some scouts today to look after them. We sent out some Wednesday with only one day's provisions and they have not returned as yet. The scouts returned this evening and brought in an old blind, crippled Indian, who had been left by his comrades to die on the prairie. He had been wounded in Sibley's fight. He corroborated the story that the squaw, brought in the other day, told. The General has determined to go over there and see if there is any truth in the stories. We got in camp about 4 o'clock. Encamped on the outlet of Long lake. Good wood, water and grass.

August 29—Got orders to graze horses till further orders. We sent out Companies B and F of the Sixth to scout. They went to Apple river, some thirty miles from where we were camped. Some of them crossed the river and found where Gen. Sibley had encamped. They found some guard details as late as the 27th of July. The name of the camp was Slaughter. They had thrown up enbankments and it really looked as if they were impressed with the idea that the Indians were trying to do something. The boys got back in the night and reported what they had found. The scouts sent out on Wednesday returned and reported that they had found no late signs of Indians. They had subsisted on buffalo meat as a general thing during their absence. Our scouts having all got in we got our orders to be ready to move the next day.

August 30—We had orders to get wood as probably we would

not get any for some time. We got it fixed up and started on an eastward course about 8 o'clock. We made a march of twenty miles and got on to the shores of a beautiful lake about 5 o'clock. The water was not good, being strongly inpregnated with alkali. Had good grass, but no wood and we found buffalo chips to cook with. Some of the men found two dead Indians, supposed to have been wounded by Sibley's men and got out that far and died. It was very warm.

August 31—Had some considerable trouble in getting started, but finally got off on a southeasterly course. The road was a very rough one. We made a march of fifteen miles and encamped on a splendid bottom where we found plenty of good grass and two or three springs of water which was the first we had found in Dakota. No wood. This being the last day of August we were mustered for pay. Company L formed the picket guard that night.

September 1—There were fifteen or sixteen buffaloes run right through our camp this morning. We got off at 7, travelled a southeasterly course over a splendid bottom all day and camped on Long lake. Alkali water, good grass, no wood. Made a march of twenty miles. It was quite cool all day.

September 2—Got started at 6:30 and made a march of twenty miles over a rough country. It was quite cool. Got into camp about 2 o'clock. Good grass and no wood. Very cold at night.

WHITE STONE HILL.

. . September 3—Got off this morning at 7. It was quite cool. We sent out the Third Battalion with the exception or Company M, and in their place Company H of the Second went under Maj. House on a scout. They struck out east of the route we were taking. We travelled about twenty miles over a rough country and got into camp about 2. Our camp was on Long lake. Had good water and grass, but no wood. About 5, just after we had got supper eaten. a messenger came in from the scouts informing the General that they run on to an encampment of Indians, they supposed about 100 lodges.

The Major went up to the lodges and told the warriors his errand and invited them to make some kind of an agreement to go the camp with him. At first they concluded to send a delegation of their warriors over to the camp, but he saw the squaws were packing up for a march and concluded that they only wanted to gain time and he dispatched a messenger to Gen. Sully. The bucks told the Major they could easily clean out his troops, but he kept his forces in shape so that he could move in any direction he saw fit.

As I said before the messenger came in about 5. "Boots and saddles" was immediately sounded and in less than an hour we were at the Indian camp. We found that they had skedaddled, but not very far off. The Third Battalion was sent out in advance of the retreating foe and the First Battalion and the Nebraska regiment sent in pursuit. They caught the Indians in a ravine, the First Battalion on one side and the Nebraska men on the other. The Second Battalion was left as a reserve. We had hardly got our position when there was a lot of the Indians corralled as prisoners. A guard was put around them and the battery was planted right above them so as to cover the prisoners and also to come down on the main body, should they attempt to make their escape in this way.

We had barely got in position when the ball was opened by the Nebraska boys which was followed by the Indians opening their fire.

Some of the Sixth went into the ground with their arms unloaded, whose fault it was remains to be seen yet, as I do not lay blame to any one. The firing continued pretty brisk for some half hour or so, but before this it had got so dark that it was hard to distinguish between friend and foe, but at length the firing ceased and the Indians managed to make their escape by some means. We were ordered to lay on our arms, which we did until morning, but such an awful noise as was kept up during the night, the dogs howling, and the squaws squalling, there was not much chance to sleep. We put out a heavy picket guard and the different companies gathered up their dead and wounded as well as they could.

September 4—The morning opened up beautiful. Company L was sent out to hunt up mules, horses and ponies. We searched all round and and found some ponies and some horses and drove them in. Capt. Ames, Sergeant Woodward and Corporal Morse got separated from the company and saw at a distance a party of what they supposed to be about fifty Indians. The Captain started to get the company, but we, under command of Lieut. Coyl, were returning to camp, as a messenger came from camp and informed us that the companies guarding the train had been attacked by some Indians, and we were coming in on a pretty good jog, I can assure you. The wagons had been left in charge of Companies B and A. When the Captain found we had come to camp he came in too, and reported to Gen. Sully what he had seen.

Companies L and M of the Sixth and two companies of the Nebraska troops were sent out under the charge of Maj. Taft. We went in an easterly direction nearly twenty miles, but saw no Indians. We thought at one time we had run across some teepes, but they proved to be buffaloes and there must have been an awful quantity of them as the whole face of the country appeared to be covered with them. We got back about sundown.

Today we found the result of the battle had been quite disastrous to the Indians, as well as to us. The Indian loss was estimated at 300 killed and wounded, 150 prisoners, besides the loos of their lodges, dogs, ponies, and meat. The defeat of the Indians was the worse from the fact that they had made this camp on purpose to put up their winter's meat and the season being pretty well over they had a very large quantity on hand, all of which was destroyed. To show the extent of their loss in a measure I will just say that it took

a party of 100 men two days to gather up the stuff and burn it. It was our policy to destroy everything that we could. Besides this we gathered up some twelve wagon loads of buffalo meat to feed the prisoners on. This was considered the best part of the victory because it took away all their winter supplies, including teepes and everything that we could get hold of.

Our own loss was considerable to the number of men engaged. We had some thirteen killed outright, besides some mortally wounded. Among the latter was Lieut. Leavitt of Company B, acting adjutant of the regiment. He was a noble mam, a good and brave soldier and sold his life pretty dearly, as his own story testified. Among the killed was Elder Clark of Company C, one of the best men in the regiment. He was shot throu h the head and must have been killed instantly. The boys gathered any amount of stuff such as buffalo skins, teepee covers, and plates, cups and saucers, etc. Their teepee poles made good wood and it was a good thing for us as there was no wood growing there. Our camp was right on the old Indian camp, close to a lake of good water and plenty of Indian lice.

After dark we got our supper and retired thinking to get the good night's rest so much needed by us all, but in this we were destined to be disappointed, for about 12 o'clock the alarm was given in camp that our pickets had been driven in and that the Indians were right upon us. We got on our arms and put one man to attend to every four horses and the rest of us lay on our arms some two hours before we ascertained that it was a false report, then we went back to our tents and slept well till morning. I should have stated that the wagons got in about 10 o'clock. Nothing else happened, only a sergeant in Company A got so badly frightened that his drawers needed washing the next day. Thus ended the second day of the battle of White Stone Hill.

September 5—This morning our horses were ordered out to graze at an early hour, and a good many of the boys took a general leave of absence in order to view the battle ground and surroundings, but their survey was destined to be of short duration. Part of Company E of the Sixth and some of the Nebraska boys went out on a scout and ran across as they averred some 400 or 500 Indians who made them skedaddle, killing a sergeant in Company E and a private. The Nebraska's got off without any loss. They returned to camp and reported and the bugle sounded, "man to horse," and then the

scene of the 3d was re-enacted. In a short time every man in camp had his horse saddled and his arms on and in line. We stood in this position till about 5 o'clock in the evening when the scouts that were sent out returned and reported that they could find no Indians.

We were then dismissed and a detail of fifteen men and a non-commissioned officer from Company L, the same number from Company E, with an ambulance was sent out under charge of Lieut. DeHaven to bring in the bodies of those who were killed by the Indians. They succeeded in finding the body of Quartermaster Sergeant Rodgers, but could not find that of Private Kelsey. They returned about 8. The fatigue squad was busy all day in burying the dead and in burning up the Indian stuff, part of which was piled on the graves of our lost comrades and burnt in order to keep the vandals from despoiling the last resting place of the departed. Since then we have understood that they found out the graves, dug up and horribly mutilated the remains, but this lacks confirmation.

Everything being as it were settled we all retired to our tents with a strong desire, if possible, to recline in the arms of Morpheus. In the course of three days you may rest assured the boys were pretty well engaged in shooting dogs, getting their packs, hunting up robes and jerked buffalo meat and Indian curiosities, etc., but a good many of them had to be left to burn up as the horses were too much reduced to carry more than could be helped and we were clear out of grain.

BACK TO CAMP PEORIA.

September 6—We were awakened this morning by the bugle sounding "reveille" after the first night's good sleep for the last two or three and everything prepared for a resumption of the march. We got ready to go at a pretty early hour and got started off on a southerly course, taking everything we could carry along with us, even to an enormous quantity of Indian lice. We found our line of march pretty much on the same form as in coming up with the exception of the prisoners, who were marched behind the battery and had one company detailed to guard them. The guard company rode in the following manner: Eight men and a non-commissioned officer rode abreast in front, the same behind and the rest on either side, thus keeping chiefs, bucks, squaws, pappooses, ponies and dogs, all hemmed in with men, horses, rifles, revolvers and sabres. We had along the remains of Lieut. Leavitt and Sergeant Rodgers. The day was cool and windy. We marched over a rough country some eighteen miles and encamped on an alkali lake. Plenty of good grass but no timber. In the evening we deposited the remains of Sergeant Rodgers and another soldier from Company G in their last resting place, right under the horse line to fool the Indians. This man from Company G died on the march today. Up to this time our total loss is seventeen killed.

September 7—We were up and off this morning at a pretty early hour and made a march of thirty miles over a broken country. Company L on prisoner guard. The day was cold and disagreeable. We encamped on a beautiful lake. Had splendid water and good grass, but no wood and had to use buffalo chips for fuel.

September 8—Got off this morning at a pretty early hour and made a march of twenty-five miles over a pretty rough country. Encamped at a kind of a sink where the water was very scarce and poor, no grass to amount to a hill of beans and no wood at all. It was said

by some to be the headwaters of the Cheyenne, but whether this is the case or not I can't say.

September 9—Got up this morning at 3 and put our horses out to nibble dried up buffalo grass. Got started at about 6, made a march of twenty-five miles. It was unvaried from yesterday, if we might except that it was more barren than before. We encamped on the headquarters of some stream and had good water and grass, but still no timber.

September 10—This is the anniversary of the fight on Lake Erie. Started at an early hour this morning and marched till after sunset, making a march of forty miles. stopping about 4 to water. We finally came on to the Cheyenne creek some eight or nine miles from the mouth. Men and horses were pretty well fagged out. Did not get any supper till very late and only got three crackers to a man. The day was cool but rather pleasant. The country over which we passed was low and had a damp appearance. I rather suppose in a wet season it would be very wet. We had good water, good grass and some wood.

September 11—Debated considerable this morning and finally got off about 9:30. Came about twelve miles which brought us to the old hail stone camp about 2 o'clock. I tell you the faces of the soldiers brightened up when the familiar scenery of the old Missouri once more loomed up in view and we saw one of our steamboats lying at the bank with supplies. Nearly all the boys were tobacco consumers and the perfume of the weed was a most welcome one to us as most of us had been out for some time. We got fixed up and Sergeant Perrin started in pursuit of some of the obnoxious weed and while he was after that Lieut. Coyl succeeded in hunting up and distributing the mail, which was speedily gobbled up by the boys. After such a long absence it was a very welcome appendage to the United States army. After we had got the mail well digested Jack came back with the tobacco. He only had to pay 50 cents per plug for a plug 2½ inches long by 1½ inches wide and ¼ of an inch thick. That as well as the mail was gobbled up in a hurry. We drew two days' rations, looked around them and then retired to our tents well satisfied with our camp for the present.

September 12—Got off this morning at 9, Company L being on guard and the advance. The morning was foggy and cold. We made a march of ten miles and encamped on a small stream. We

found good wood and water, but not much grass. We had two companies on picket tonight. Companies E and L. It turned out to be a very fine day.

September 13—Got off in pretty good season this morning. The day was very warm indeed. We made a march of twenty-two miles and encamped on our old camp ground that we made going up.

September 14—We all got started this morning in high hopes, I can assure you. We marched on till about 11 o'clock when, joy of joys, on looking down the bluffs there lay Camp Peoria in all its beauties before us. We used to think it a pretty dull place in the summer when the boys were run to death nearly with "Dakota quick step," but now it looked delightful to us as it was at least going to afford us a place to rest, for a short time any way. We came on to the old ground, but what a change in the prospects. We left it right in the summer when the grass was in its prime and came back after an absence of a month and found all gone. The frost and horses had completely annihilated the grass and everything looked forlorn. But still the spirit of the boys was good, not seeming to notice the change, so glad were they to get back where they could see familiar faces once more. We put our horses out and then looked around. The first thing was to enquire about mail, the next to find the comrades we left as we went up. This being over the Captain brought up the mail and that being distributed and read the next thing was to find the things we sent back from Cheyenne. We found them and proceeded to clean our persons and clothing from the gathering filth of a month's march. This done we got in our horses, hunted up some tobacco and went to bed. This ended one of the busiest days we had on the march.

September 15—There did not appear to be much hurry in blowing the bugle this morning, so we all took a pretty good nap. Started a detail to go up and get the boat off a sandbar where she had stuck fast. Drew rations for five days and attended to our horses. The grass was very poor indeed.

September 16—Company L on prisoner guard today. Reveille sounded at 3. We got orders to be ready to move at 4 completely starting at 12 and coming twelve miles down the river. We had a very cold, stormy day. Got into camp about 6 o'clock. A fine place to camp.

September 17—Spent the day in getting fixed up. Got our

cooking place down in the timber. They are making all preparations here to build a fort. Two companies are on fatigue per day. Part of the Nebraska cavalry was sent down to be mustered out, as their time was about out.

September 18—This is a rather cold day and dull, too, as the camp life has resumed its old dullness.

September 19—Companies L and E on fatigue today cutting timber for the new fort. We went on to the island today and got some very fine logs averaging about a foot through and thirty feet long and very straight. We got another mail today.

September 20—This was a fine warm day. The Chaplain had regular religious services today. He preached a funeral discourse on Elder Clark's death. He had a large and attentive audience.

September 21—Another fine day and a day of unalloyed laziness, nothing of importance going on to mar the monotony.

September 22—Still another fine day and as usual another lazy day. They are rushing the new fort through. All the teams are hauling timber for it.

September 23—Company L on picket guard today. We moved our camp some three miles down the river. It is close to the fort. Our picket lines are about four miles long. This has been a cool day. The grass here is not very good.

September 24—Another day of inactivity around camp. One of the squaws died from the effects of a wound received at White Stone Hill.

September 25—This was rather an uncomfortable day, the wind blowing a hurricane all day. Ira Preston, Company L, H. A. Laferty, Company A, and T. Higgins, Company I, are having their trial today. The first for desertion and theft. He pleaded guilty to the charge and was sentenced to one year's hard labor in the military prison; the second for sleeping on post. The charge was sustained and his sentence was the same as Preston's. The third, Higgins, for desertion, the charge was sustained and the sentence the same as the others. In addition to their imprisonment they have to loose all the pay coming to them during the time. We got a mail today.

September 26—Another fine warm day and another day of masterly inactivity. We are getting our horses shod again.

September 27—This is Sunday and a beautiful day, too. Had preaching, Bible class and prayer meeting. Had orders to get our

horses up for inspection. Got them up, but it was too late to have them inspected. Drew some clothing.

September 28—Company L on prisoner guard today. Got in our horses and the Second Battalion had theirs inspected. Got orders to draw quarter rations of corn for our horses, that is for our Battalion. That looks some like moving. A couple of details from Company L working on the fort today.

September 29—This was a singular kind of a day for Dakota. It was raining when we got up and rained nearly all day. We got orders (the Second Battalion) to get ready to move tomorrow on the downward way. This is cheering news to us. Company E was on picket guard today.

September 30—Got up early this morning but did not get started till about 9. The weather was quite cool and the roads rather muddy. Our road lay over a high ridge. Made some eighteen miles and encamped on Medicine creek Had ood wood, water and grass. Company B on guard tonight. Got in in good season. The boys all seem to feel good that they are "homeward bound."

October 1—Got started this morning at 7 and came over a high rolling prairie to the La Chappelle at 11 where we camped. Had a good camp, having good water, wood and grass. It was cool and cloudy, looking some like rain. Company H was on guard tonight.

October 2—Started at 7 this morning and had a disagreeable day to travel, it being cold and windy all day and about 11 it commenced raining and rained for about an hour. We marched till after sundown making a march of twenty-five miles. Company L was on guard tonight. As one of the companies was ordered to relieve the company at Crow creek, the officers drew lots for the chance and Company L was the unlucky company.

MORE ABOUT THE WHITE STONE BATTLE.

The following account of finding the Reds at White Stone Hill was kindly furnished me by Comrade E. A. Richards of Company F, who was an eye witness of the finding of the savages:

Discovery of a camp of Sioux Indians under the command of Little Crow and Big Head, September 3, 1863, by the Third Battalion, Sixth Iowa Cavalry—We were aroused this morning by an order that we were in close proximity of the Indians who had so savagely massacred the citizens, men, women and children at New Ulm, Mankato and other places in Minnesota. The Third Battalion consisted of Companies C, F, I, and M, and under command of Maj. A. E. House, (who died recently at West Union, Iowa,) with E. A. Richards, Company F, orderly; La Fromboy, half breed, and another half breed as scouts or guides, we left the command and deployed to the left, aiming to keep within five miles of the command, as we had only about 300 men. La Fromboy kept about five miles ahead of us and his assistant half way between us and La Fromboy. The country was very hilly and we could only see him when he gained an elevated point. Buffalo had been killed by the Indians and we knew they must be near.

About noon we lay on the grass grazing our horses at the end of the lariat ropes while we ate our raw pork and hard tack. In the distance we saw the dust flying from the guide's horse as he came toward us, (his horse was a goer) and his long black hair streaming. He came nearer and nearer till finally he reached our resting place and said he had discovered twenty lodges of Indians five miles off. Maj. House instructed the orderly, Dick Richards, or as the Indians called him "Pa-ha-sha-sha" or "Red Head," to inform the captains to prepare for a forced march of five miles. The men were ordered to load their revolvers, which was done in a very nervous manner, as

we knew that we were not in Dixie where the enemy took prisoners, but hundreds of miles from civilization where the savages took no prisoners: but death was the sure fate of all taken by them.

We started on the trot and then gallop, but was cautioned by the guide to keep in the valleys so as not to be seen by the enemy. Blankets got loose from the saddles and lariat ropes got loose and strung along on the ground, much to our annoyance. We were ordered to cut them loose and go as freely as possible, as we did not know where Gen. Sully and his command were and we might be compelled to fight a fearful battle alone with our small army of about 300 men. We kept nearing the savages without their noticing us. They were camped on a little lake surrounded by hills which were covered with white stones, hence the name of "White Stone Hill" was given to the battle coming up. Suddenly over a small hill immediately in our front at a short distance was the hundreds of teepes of the Indians.

With a wild yell that still lingers in my ears, the young warriors rushed to the little lake and taking up some of the blue clay they daubed it over their bodies, marking themselves hideously, as they did not have time to get the regular war paint. By this time our little band had dismounted and examined our guns. Can you imagine our feelings, many miles from civilization with a little band of 300 men and pitted against us 5,000 savages on their own ground every foot of which was familiar to each one: whose belts were adorned with the scalps of their enemies, men women and children, they had massacred in Minnesota and elsewhere: with their war clubs, bows, arrows, tomahawks and other Indian war weapons, and outnumbering us so fearfully? We couldn't retreat if we would, nor would we if we could.

As soon as they were discovered the guide started to notify Gen. Sully who was camped with his command about twelve miles distant. I can see him yet as he dashed away to the rear so as not to give the Indians any clue to his mission. We were in a rather trying position, as we did not know how soon reinforcements could reach us, but he was gone and now we will watch the enemy. The men stood in front of their horses, guns in hand ready for use but with instructions not to fire under any circumstances. The idea was to hold them in check till the rest of the command arrived.

My education in the Sioux language stood me in hand in good

shape, at this time. Many of our men did not know what they were saying. The young warriors came up with a determination to exterminate the soldiers at once. They said, "Kill them, kill them! money plenty." The old bucks said "No, no, these are all the soldiers there are. We will kill them at sundown." This is their favorite time to fight. But the young men kept on imploring the old men to let them fight.

We kept our place, our men showing no disposition to give an inch and giving the red gents notice that we were there to stay. We changed our position occasionally to attract their attention and kill time. The sun was sinking low in the west. The hours as they passed away are in my memory yet. As I looked around me to see our brave little squad, officers and men felt that sundown would bring the crisis, and with 5,000 savage murderers to contend with, the outlook was not encouraging. In all probability some of us would be made to bite the dust. The hideous howl of the wolf-dog would deafen our ears and the savage faces of the reds was enough to make the strongest heart nearly fail, but our eyes and hopes were to the setting sun in the west from whence we expected help from our friends of the other part of the command.

The sun is sinking and the war song is being sung by our would-be executioners. Home friends hundreds of miles away are remembered—a father, mother, sister, brother, wife and children, all came to the front in those hours of suspense. With our knowledge of Indian cruelty we knew our dead bodies would have no resting place. But the sun is nearly set, a large ball of fire seemingly, but it appears to be obscured by some object. The men discover it and whisper, "It is Gen. Sully and his command. The artillery is on the fly, the soldiers plying their spurs; the cavalry is with them, the horses at top speed."

They are within a mile of us when the Indians discover them and cry out, "the soldiers are coming out of the ground." Then the squaws and old men began taking down the teepes and loading the ponies with tent poles on either side with a strap over the back and the poles twelve to fifteen feet in length dragging on the ground. The squaws attended to this part. The pappooses were put in baskets and strapped on the poles which run from the ponies back to the ground. The wolf dogs were fixed up the same as the ponies were, only the packs were smaller. The young warriors were now fully

aware of their danger and undertook to retreat to the James river, east a few miles. Our Battalion kept to the east of them and held them till the command came up. We drove them into a deep ravine where there were thousands of men, women, children, ponies and dogs, and they were a hard looking lot of humanity, I can assure you, after they were surrounded.

Then came the same old war song. At the head of the ravine I said to Maj. House, "They will fire on us now." When the song ceased the chief raised his gun and fired the first shot which struck one of our best young men, Casper Wagner, of Company F. He was 22 years old and a fine specimen of young manhood. After he fell he raised up and with his saber struck a brave a death blow and he fell dead at his side. Again Wagner arose and thrust his saber through another brave who fell. Then Wagner, from the loss of blood and exertion soon gave way to a gallant soldier's death. Peace to his memory! May it ever be green. He died with his two dead enemies at his side slain by his hand after he had received his death wound. With a rush the Indians left the ravine, crying "Get away, get away," and threw their robes over their heads, rushed upon us, stampeding our horses.

As before stated the above was written by an eye witness which I was not, as we were with the other part of the regiment and came up as reinforcements and were in at the finish. One hour after La-Fromboy gave Gen. Sully the message we were in the fight.

Some times a small accident or occurence changes circumstances so as to bestow glory and renown where it does not belong and sometimes withholds true merit where it ought to be bestowed. As an illustration of the former at the White Stone Hill fight some historian writes that Col. Wilson lead the charge in person until his horse was shot from under him when he mounted another horse and continued the charge till the Indians were totally routed and driven from the field. The fact was that as the Colonel was getting away from the fight a soldier dismounting touched the trigger of his gun with his heel. The gun was discharged, the bullet going through the stirrup of Col. Wilson's horse and as a matter of course the horse was ruined. The Indians were not driven from the field but were corralled in a ravine and during the night a number of the bucks made their es-

cape, leaving the old men, squaws, pappooses and dogs prisoners, all of which were taken by the command to Fort Sully. All of Company L and others of the regiment who stood guard that night can ratify this statement.

AT CROW CREEK.

October 3—Now for the present I will only be able to give the doings of Company L as they are now left as the lone star of the Second Battalion. This morning we started at 8 and came five miles down the agency where we relieved Company L of the Second Nebraska Cavalry who went down to Randall along with the other companies of the Battalion. We all got fixed up very comfortable. Had a big tent which some sixteen of us piled into. The Captain got his tents fixed up and the boys who did not get into the big tent got the little ones up so that we are quite comfortable. But, oh, what an awful distance to be from home and a prospect of staying here all winter.

I will here give a description of the place as well as I can. It is laid out in a square some 300 feet each way. Around the whole square was dug a ditch some three feet deep and the same width. In this are set cedar pickets fifteen feet long which leave them twelve feet above ground. On the west side are two stores and one warehouse just coming out flush with the pickets. On the north side is the Winnebago school house, the interpreter's quarters, the agents' quarters, and the doctor's quarters. On the corner were barracks for soldiers. On the east side are the boarding house, blacksmith, wagonmakers and carpenter shops. On the south side are the Sioux buildings, one doctor's quarters, two agents' quarters, the three interpreters' quarters and four school houses, and on the corner barracks for soldiers. On the northwest and southwest corners are bastions outside of the pickets. The pickets are sawed on three sides the outsides being left rough. Holes for guns were made some eight feet from the ground and about twelve feet apart. On the north and south sides are each a gate made of the same kind of material as the pickets. The saw mill is on the west side of the fort and about fifteen rods from it in the edge of the timber. Still further on in the timber are the Indians wigwams. The river is about half a mile from

the fort and pretty heavy timber. It is situated on a beautiful plain and in a fine place for defense. Such is Crow creek as I saw it.

October 4—Got up early this morning and put our horses out to graze on a bottom or plain some seventy-five feet higher than the fort is on. The pasture is good, being buffalo gras, some dried up of course. The weather still continues cold.

October 5—The weather was warmer today. Got our mail.

October 6—Another fine day. The monotony of the day was somewhat broken in by the arrival of Gen. Sully and staff and body guard and one company of the Sixth, Company G. Lieut. Coyl came down also as he had been left behind on court martial business. The Winnebagoes made an effort to go off, so we had to keep a picket guard out all night to watch them.

October 7—There was a train came in from Randall today. We got 2,000 rations. Our mail came in also. Lieut. Coyl was made quartermaster of the post. Fixed up the place preparatory to bringing our horses inside the pickets.

October 8—Gen. Sully and his escort started for Randall. The train also left for Fort Sully in charge of an infantry escort. The day was spent by us generally in a pretty idle manner, nothing transpiring to make an interesting item of news, so I will drop the subject.

October 9—This morning was cold and disagreeable and continued so during the day. There was a corporal and three men went up as an escourt with the mail. The commissioner went up to take the vote of the soldiers of the brigade.

October 10—Another cool kind of a day. There was a detail of men made to guard the haymakers under charge of Sergeant Perrin.

October 11—This has been a fine day. Rained some in the morning. Sergeant Perrin started with his squad out to Crow creek and Corporal Murphy went along with him. There was a train came up from Fort Randall today bound for Sully.

October 12—Corporal Murphy came back from the hay detail. He says they came through a dog town and saw the awfullest lot of rattlesnakes that ever was seen before. They killed fifty-six and had to retire in disgust. It was a fine day.

October 13—This is election day. Sergeants Drips, Hunt and Fuller were made judges and Sergeant Woodward and T. Nickleson

clerks. Company L, Sixth Iowa Cavalry, and one company of the Seventh voted at this point. The Republican state ticket had some 30 majority, while the Clayton county ticket was a tie, all but senator, for which Hammer had 4 majority. It was a fine day. We did not get through till about 12 o'clock at night. The election passed off very quietly, nothing happening to mar the good feelings of all present.

October 14—The mail came in today from Fort Randall. We had to furnish an escort to go with it up to Sully. Sergeant Burhans and two men were detailed to go with it. Capt. Ames was ordered to furnish an escort of thirty men for a train that came in last night from Fort Randall and bound for Sully.

October 15—Got off this morning at 9:30 with the train. Came on some sixteen miles and encamped on a creek where we had good water and grass, but no timber. Got in about 2 o'clock. It was a fine day. About six miles from the Agency we met Col. Wilson and his staff, also Companies I and G, on their road down to Sioux City. Sergeant Burhans got off with his detail. Several of our mules gave out. We had thirty-five men along.

October 16—Started this morning in pretty good season and came on to La Chapelle about 3 o'clock. It rained a pretty good shower about 5 o'clock. It was quite cool, inasmuch as overcoats and mittens were very acceptable.

October 17—This morning at 1 o'clock it commenced snowing and blowing the most terrific I ever saw in my life. Tents were blown down and no one could face the storm for an instant. The men hustled around, crawled into the wagons, and every place that would afford the least shelter. Some of them succeeded in getting a fire started and something cooked up to eat, and others kept crawling down into the wagons. Still the snow and wind kept coming. Horses and mules fell down with the severity of the storm. Along about 4 o'clock it kind of slacked up and cleared off. We got our horses into shape, gave them all the corn they wanted, got our supper and fixed up for staying all night. We lost altogether some twenty-five horses and mules, most of them perishing, but a few ran off and we could not find them. Some of our men came near freezing, but we all got off.

October 18—Did not get off this morning till about 12, on account of having to refix our teams. We had to leave some five or

six of our wagons behind. We had also to send back some of our men on account of being stunned with the cold. Corporal Morse went on to see if he could get to the train ahead. Finally we got off and made a march of twelve miles and encamped on Medicine creek about 4. Here we found some five or six mules, the result of the storm on the train ahead. Here we had a good camp and slept quite comfortable.

October 19—We did not get along very fast on account of having trouble in getting up the hill, after that we went on. The roads were bad. When we got in about seven miles of the fort we saw the wagons scattered along every half mile or so. After we got the wagons well up the hill the escort came on to the fort, the teams coming as they could. Some of them got in at night while others did not get in at all that day. We got in and fixed up. It was very windy and cold. We found that the storm had made great destruction among the stock up here also. Here we found Col. Pollock with the rest of the Sixth ready to start down.

October 20—This morning we started back again by the lower road. Some of us went out to the wagon and got guns, sabers, etc., that had been left in it. We came on to La Chapelle, where we found some fifteen horses that had strayed from the fort. Col. Pollock and his men started and came as far as Medicine creek.

October 21—Got started this morning in pretty good season and made a march of thirty-five miles over a rough country, finding snow banks in some places ten or fifteen feet high. Finally arrived in Crow creek about dark, being all pretty well tired out. Col. Pollock and command came on to La Chapelle.

October 22—We found on our arrival that they had suffered a good deal with the storm here also, the hay guard being left out in it. Company L of the Nebraska's left today. Col. Pollock and his command arrived tonight, some of them not getting in till 2 in the morning.

October 23—There is considerable feeling among the other troops as Col. Pollock has orders to relieve Company L with one company of his Battalion and none of them want to stay. Lieut. Coyle was relieved on his duties as quartermaster of the post. It was very cold all day. The mail came in, but brought no orders to Col. Pollock. Company L got orders to get ready to move.

October 24—Did not get started till 1 o'clock. Made a march

of twelve miles and encamped on Crow creek twelve miles from the agency. Capt. Galligan with a detail of one sergeant and four men from each company was sent on ahead to pick out camping places for us. Lieut. Coyl was made adjutant of the Battalion.

October 25—Got off this morning at 10, made a march of sixteen miles and encamped on American creek about 1:30. Had a good camp. It was rather cool. This camp is where Col. Wilson stopped during the big storm. The water is considerable alkali.

October 26—Started this morning at 8:30. Made a march of twenty miles and encamped on a creek where we found wood, water and grass.

October 27—Started at 8 and came through to Hamilton's landing fifteen miles, where we arrived at 2 o'clock. Had a fine day and a splendid camp, good wood, water and grass. Some of the mules got off last night and were found down here. They had to be taken back to the other camp.

October 28—Started this morning pretty early and came on a pretty good jog, coming eighteen miles by 2 o'clock, arriving at Pease's on the Missouri. Had to help the wagons up the hills. It was pretty cool all day. We got a mail after we came to camp. Had a good camp.

October 29—Started pretty early this morning and came on to Fort Randall, or on the opposite side of the river from there where we camped in among the willows. The report is now that we have orders to go up to Crow Creek again to relieve Company K. We had a mail today. It was a fine day.

IN WINTER QUARTERS.

October 30--Laid in camp today. It was quite cool all day. Col. Pollock said he would do all in his power towards having the order to go back to Crow Creek rescinded.

October 31--Another cold day in camp, nothing doing. We were mustered for pay today and have six months' pay due us. We let our horses run out.

November 1--Another dull day in camp. Nothing particular to do but loaf around camp. It was quite cool all day.

November 2---Still another fine day, but rather cool if anything. The paymaster arrived from below today. A squad of the Dakota cavalry went to guard a train up to Crow Creek today.

November 3--Another fine day, but windy withall. Nothing of importance transpired to mar the usual monotony of camp life.

November 4--The paymaster made his appearance amongst us today and created quite a good feeling by shelling out the greenbacks. We are still uncertain about our destination, but we are looking for orders and hope they will be for us to go as far south as Sioux City.

November 5--We dispatched Privates Moore, Haly Boyl and Tomkins with thirty-two horses to Sioux City to be taken care of throu_h the winter. Companies C, B, H, E and M started down today. We have orders to cross the river tomorrow.

November 6--Crossed over today and took up our quarters in Fort Randall where we have good quarters.

And now, reader, I have conducted you through a campaign of six months' soldiering in which, if nothing else, we did the greatest amount of marching of any regiment in the United States service for the time. Our campaign, although void of the interest of a similiar campaign in the south, yet there is connected with this some scenes

and incidents that have embalmed themselves in the memory of those connected which will last as long as reason holds her sway.

In conclusion I will just add a word of description in regard to Fort Sully and the winter quarters of our regiment and close.

Sully is situated on a plain or bottom of the Missouri river on the east side about eighty rods from the river. It is opposite or a little below Farm island. It is built on two sides, east and west, with barracks; on the north and south with pickets. The buildings are of cottonwood logs unhewn and are about seven or eight feet high, covered over with logs and brush and then earth thrown over them. The pickets are the same material set into the ground about three feet, standing out some twelve feet above ground. The fort is 270 feet square, and there are bastions on the southeast and northwest corners in which are placed the cannon for the defense of the fort. This is pretty well fixed for defense and cannot be taken very easily by the Indians, and is a good place for defense. Such is the fort that we helped build last summer, taking a great deal of time and labor and which was by some set down as sheer folly. But be that it may it will be a memorial of the labors of the Indian expedition under Gen. Sully.

And now for a few words in regard to the disposition of the troops under Gen Sully. The Second Nebraska Cavalry, being only nine months' men, were nearly all at the end of their time when we came back from the expedition, therefore as soon as they could be spared they were sent home to be mustered out of the United States service. Some of them went as soon as we came down and others waited till fall. Two companies of the Seventh Cavalry were sent up to Fort Sully to guard that point along with some of the Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry. The rest of the Wisconsin Thirtieth was sent down on the boats. Company I of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, the General's body guard, was taken to Sioux City. Company K of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry was left at Crow Creek. Companies A, D, G and L were stationed at Fort Randall, Company M at Vermillion, Companies C, B, E and H at Sioux City, Company I at Spirit Lake, Company F at Tackets and other points on the road. One company of the Dakota Cavalry (Capt. Miner's) was stationed on the opposite side of the river from Fort Randall. Capt. Tripp's company of Dakota Cavalry was stationed at Yankton. Gen. Sully and staff went to Sioux City and stayed there till the district was

changed when he moved his headquarters to Davenport. Col. Wilson of the Sixth was placed in command at Sioux City and Lieut.-Col. Pollock at Fort Randall.

At the time of the battle at White Stone Hill when the bugle sounded "To horse" there were some of the men that had been so sick they had to ride in the ambulance for two or three days, but I noticed two in Company L, Privates McNamarra and Foster, who were among the first to get their horses and ride over, anxious to take part in the fight if there was to be one.

But this has exceeded by nearly one-half the space I designed for it when I commenced writing. Some of the journal will be dry and uninteresting to a great many, but I would just say here in explanation that sometimes a very trifling incident would occur that would be very important in determining other matters, so I conceived the idea of putting in each day's happenings so as not to lose the chain of proceedings. There were a great many incidents occurred on the march and in the camp that would no doubt prove agreeable and interesting were they collected and recorded, but I will leave that for those who write for publication, as mine is only for those to read who I am sure will have the charity to overlook all blunders and mistakes and put the meaning on that is intended to be conveyed. And meanwhile I will bid you all adieu.

The Campaign of 1864.

I left off writing a little over a year ago, leaving the Sixth Iowa Cavalry scattered around as follows: Company K at Fort Sully and Crow Creek; Companies A, D, G and L at Fort Randall; Company F at Yankton; Company M at Vermillion; Companies B, C, E and H at Sioux City, Iowa, and Company I at Spirit Lake, Iowa. Thus situated they all lay on their oars till some time in June.

During the winter the very few inhabitants in Dakota and those living on the frontiers of Iowa and Minnesota became clamorous for active operations against the Indians. On account of those solicitations, and for other reasons, the government determined to send another expedition up the Missouri river and also to explore a route through to the Yellowstone river, as the excitement of the Idaho gold mines was then at a hign pitch.

Gen. Alf. Sully was ordered to take charge of the expedition and to establish a post on the Missouri river. He went about this as soon as it was determined what was to be done. He organized a force of cavalry numbering some 4,000 strong, made up as follows: Eleven companies of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry under command of Lieut.-Col. Pollock (one company, K, having been reported as all sick and not able to take the field, was ordered to Fort Randall along with the invalids taken out of the other regiments and detachments to garrison that post, all being under command of Maj. Shepherd. This force was called the "quinine squad"); three companies of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry under command of Lieut.-Col. Pattee; four companies of Minnesota Cavalry in command of Maj. Brackett and a battery of four howitzers under command of Capt. N. Pope.

All these forces except those already above started up and reached Fort Randall about the 14th of June. Here Col. Wilson of

the Sixth resigned and Lieut. Williams, regimental quartermaster, also offered his resignation. On the 14th day of June the troops that were at Randall started crossing the river and by the evening of the 15th they were all across by the aid of the steamer "War Eagle." On the 17th day of June about 1 o'clock we started, the other troops having gone on ahead as fast as they came up, only stopping long enough to get supplies.

The first day we made some twelve miles, stopping on Pease creek, where we had good grass and wood, but no water that was fit to use. It was a very warm day. We were all pretty tired, it being the first time we had been on horseback for a long time. We got into camp about 5 o'clock.

June 18—Reveille sounded at 2 o'clock. Got up and started at 4. Made a march of eighteen miles, camping on Platte creek, about 1 o'clock. It was very warm. We had good water, wood and grass. Not so tired as yesterday.

June 19—Reveille this morning at 2 o'clock. Got off at 4 and made a march of twenty-three miles, camping on Red lake, where we had good water and grass. Wood scarce. It was very warm and we all suffered for the want of water, but we got a good rest. It had some appearance of a storm, but finally stopped without.

June 20—This morning we had reveille at 12 o'clock and got started at 2. Made a march of twenty miles, arriving at Crow creek at 12 o'clock. It was very warm. We had splendid water, wood and grass We had some spring water.

June 21—Reveille this morning at 2. Got off at 4 and came some five miles above the agency where we arrived at 11 o'clock. It was very warm. Had some trouble getting a place to get down to the river for water. Had good grass. Made a march of fifteen miles. Noticed a great deal of difference in the appearance of the place from what it was when I left last fall, the timber being nearly all cut down.

June 22—Started this morning at 4 and made a march of fifteen miles, arriving at the Big Hole at 2 o'clock. A rather amusing incident occured today. One of the boys got some powder and matches mixed together in his saddle-bags and the powder exploded and scared him most to death. He was burnt some on the side, but his piteous shrieks aroused the risibilites of the boys to such a degree

that nothing but a good hearty laugh, such as only soldiers can give, would quiet them down.

June 23—Started at 4 and came to Medicine creek, where we arrived at 2, making a march of twenty-two miles. We had splendid wood, water and grass. We found plenty of spring water up the ravine about twenty rods above the camp.

June 24—Got off this morning at an early hour and made a march of twenty-two miles, arriving in camp some five or six miles above Fort Sully about 10 o'clock. Here we found all the troops that had preceded us waiting our arrival. We were glad to get rid of some of the dust that had been collecting on us for the last nine days, as we had an opportunity of washing in the sandy Missouri. Company L was on guard. We have adopted the plan of standing guard by companies, the same as last year. It was very warm.

June 25—Today we laid over as preparations were not quite complete for starting. Here we left a lot of our sick and those the surgeon concluded could not stand the hardships incident to a hard march. A guard was detailed to stay with the boats and our Chaplain was sent back, as Gen. Sully concluded he could get along better without him. We got a chance to remember absent friends by writing them and various other matters of business and other things were attended to. This was a very warm day.

UP TO FORT RICE.

June 26—This morning reveille sounded at 4, but we did not get started till 6 on account of the command not all being together. But finally we got off in the following order: Gen. Sully and staff in front. In his rear the battery. Next a company of Indian scouts and Company M of the Sixth, being detailed as provost guard. On the right flank a train of supply wagons and still further on the right flank the Sixth Iowa Cavalry. On the left flank was a train of wagons and still on the left the Seventh Cavalry, Maj. Brackett's Battalion and two companies of Dakota Cavalry. Thus we travelled till 2 o'clock when we arrived at the Oge Bayou, making a march of twenty miles. The day was very warm and we were very glad to get into camp. We had a good camp, having plenty of wood, water and grass.

June 27—Started at 6 and came on to a stream called Big Hole, making a march of twenty-four miles. Here we found water and grass, but no wood. Had a very pleasant camp. It was pretty warm but towards night there came up considerable of a wind storm.

June 28—Reveille at 3 this morning and got off at 5. It was a very warm day. We made a march of twenty miles, reaching the Cheyenne at 2 o'clock. Here the first melancholy event of the expedition happened. Capt. Feelinger of the regular army, who was appointed topographical engineer of the expedition, was in front of the advance guard hunting specimens. He was fired on by three Indians who immediately fled. Capt. Miner's company of Dakota Cavalry, which was on the advance, saw the Indians and started in pursuit. The scouts also, under Frank La Fromboy, were after them but I guess would have let them escape had it not been for Capt. Miner's men, who are Indian hunters, and Indian haters, too. They followed them up and succeeded in killing all three of the Indians without losing

a man. They came in and reported to Gen. Sully about the time Capt. Feelinger died. The General started a party out with orders to bring in the Indians' heads. This was done and then he ordered them stuck upon poles to warn other Indians. We had a good camp here, having plenty of wood, water and grass.

June 29—Started this morning at 5 and made a march of eighteen miles, arriving at Hid Wood, or Blue Blanket creek (I did not find out certain which was the right name) at 12. We did not get along at a very fast rate on account of the roughness of the country through which we passed. We noticed where there had been a heavy hail storm the night before by the print of the hail stones in the ground. It threatened very hard where we were, but we did not witness any of the storm. On this creek we found plenty of good wood, water and grass. We sent up several rockets to let the Minnesota troops, who were expected to be in the neighborhood, know our locality. It was not as warm as yesterday.

June 30—Stayed in camp all day. Are inspected and mustered, having made out muster rolls at Sully. After muster the officers were ordered to change the location of their tents to the left of the squadrons. We went to work making out pay rolls, as we were expecting pay at Long Lake. Minnesota troops came and camped on same creek above us.

July 1—Another day in camp. Had the official news of the arrival of the Minnesota troops and a train of emigrant wagons bound for Idaho. The troops consisted of nine companies of infantry mounted, six companies of the second Minnesota Cavalry and four pieces of artillery, two howitzers and two 12-pounders. They were nearly out of rations. A train of their wagons and a train of ours was sent down to the boat to get supplies of rations and forage. The boats were some seven miles from our camp. It was quite warm today and we had a heavy storm of rain and wind in the evening.

July 2—Another day in camp. The trains got back from the boat with a load of forage and supplies. Gen. Sully went onto the boat. Two men from Company L went on to the boat, Privates Lighty and Dawe. The former shot himself through the hand at Sully. Col. Pollock was ordered to take command of the First Brigade and Col. Thomas of the Second Brigade, which is the Minnesota troops.

July 3—Everything being in readiness, we took our our depart-

ure this morning at 4, that is the First Brigade, and made a march of twenty miles, camping on Burnt Blanket. We arrived at 2 o'clock. It was cool and a fine day for marching. Had a good camp, having plenty of wood, water and grass.

July 4—Started this morning at 5 and came to Swan lake, a distance of twenty miles. Got into camp at 1 o'clock. Had a good camp, good wood, water and grass. Had a little storm of wind and rain. Col. Pollock gave us a short oration or address, assuring us that if we had a fight it would be within thirty days, we gave him three rousing cheers and adjourned, enjoying the Fourth of July under difficulties.

July 5—Started at 6 and came to Beaver creek, a distance of thirty-three miles, arriving at 5. It was a warm day and after coming so far we were all pretty well fatigued. We had a splendid camp, plenty of good wood, water and grass. We stopped at a lake and watered about noon. The Colonel sent some men ahead to ascertain whether there was water to be had nearer than Beaver creek. Just after we left this lake they came and reported no water. Some of the men who saw them come in and supposed they had met with some Indians and had been repulsed began to make preparations for a fight, such as loading their rifles, etc., but it soon cooled down when they learned the state of affairs.

July 6—Started at 7 and made a march of eleven miles, arriving at Little Beaver at 12 o'clock. Here we had a fine camp, having good wood, water and grass, but we had considerable of a rough day's march to get to it. It took us two hours to cross one stream.

July 7—Today we laid over as Gen. Sully had sent orders up to await at this camp until further orders. The Second Brigade and the Idaho train came up. It was a fine day. We found plenty of June or service berries which were excellent. The bands from the Second Brigade discoursed fine music to us on every occasion.

July 8—Having received orders late last night this morning we were up and started at 4:30. It was a fine day. Nothing of any importance occurred till we got to Long Lake creek. Here we had to build a bridge in order to get across. It detained us nearly an hour and a half. We finally got over and continued on till at last we came in sight of the ever-welcome (to the soldiers) Missouri again. There were some six or eight boats lying at this point loaded with supplies for us and material for building a fort. We arrived at

the banks of the river at 1 o'clock, having made a march of eighteen miles. The Second Brigade arrived shortly after us, also the Idaho train. It was a fine day. We had quite a shower of rain in the evening and it blew hard.

July 9—This morning we were ordered to cross the river. We got ready and started. There were two boats to take us over, but we were detained making landings, etc., so that only the Sixth got over and it was pretty well in the night before they all got across.

July 10—This day was spent by us in camp, the rest of the brigade crossing the river. It was warm all day.

July 11—Fine day in camp. The Second Brigade crossed the river today.

July 12—Laid in camp all day. The Idaho train commenced getting in. The paymaster was the attraction today as he furnished us with greenbacks. We also received a mail today, the first since we left Randall. Taking it all together we had quite a time. King Whisky was on the throne.

July 13—Another idle day in camp. Had orders to leave extra baggage at the fort, nothing but tent flies for the officers being allowed unless they furnished their own transportation. Considerable figuring was done as to what was to be left behind.

July 14—Another warm and idle day. Had orders to detail some men for boat guard. Was ordered to leave behind all that were not able to stand hard marching, and all disabled horses.

July 15—Another hot, idle day. Put our baggage in the warehouse.

July 16—Another fine warm day. Still in camp. Received orders today to come out on review tomorrow.

July 17—Was out on review today. It was a very warm day. Made a good appearance on review, all the troops at the post being out.

July 18—Another day in camp. Got orders to move today, everything being in readiness. Our horses were shod and in good order and the men after the rest felt in good heart. As this is the last day of being here it will be as well to give a short description of the post. It is built on a beautiful table land some 100 feet above the level of the river—a splendid site. It is a beautiful place, built of cottonwood logs sawed 6 by 8 and one story high. There are eight barracks or room for eight companies of soldiers, besides officers'

quarters, hospital buildings, etc. The bastions are on the southwest and northeast corners. They are of the same kind of timber as the barracks. The quartermaster's and commissary buildings are in the rear of the quarters and are constructed of round logs, but put up in a good style. There are two saw mills at the post, one being a stationary mill run by a steam engine and the other is a portable mill run by horse power. Both have done excellent business in getting out the material for the post. There is a sulter's shop and other fixtures that are usually found around a military post. There is an abundance of splendid cottonwood timber close to the fort above and below the post, and also some hard wood, burr oak, etc. The fort is situated above the mouth of the Cannon Ball river about ten miles and on the same side of the Missouri, and also about two miles above the mouth of Long Lake creek, which empties into the Missouri on the opposite side from the fort. The post is well situated for defense and it is the opinion of the writer that 100 men well provisioned could hold it against all the Indians in Dakota Territory. Gen. Sully gave it the name of Fort Rice. It was built and garrisoned by six companies of the Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry. This is as good and accurate a description as I can give it.

THE FIGHT ON KNIFE RIVER.

July 19—This morning we were up and dressed early, being anxious to get our summer's work done and get back to civilization again as soon as possible. After a good deal of fussin' we got started at 5 a. m., the Second Brigade in advance. Our roads today lay through a high prairie country, high buttes rising nearly perpendicular coming to a peak like a sugar loaf. Along the route was every appearance of coal and iron, both coming to the surface of the ground. The iron ore was as fair specimens as I ever saw. We made a march of twenty miles, camping on the Cannon Ball at 3 p. m. Had a good camp, fine stream of running water and plenty of good wood and grass.

July 20—Started at 5 and made a march of twenty miles, arriving in camp at 2 o'clock. Had a fine day. The country not as rough as the day before. We did not have a very good camp. Had good grass, but neither good water or wood.

July 21—Got off at 5 and made a march of eighteen miles, camping again on the Cannon Ball river. We got in at 12 o'clock. Had good wood, water and grass. The country was pretty rolling, but not as rough as the first day out.

July 22—Started pretty early this morning and made a march of sixteen miles, getting into camp on the Cannon Ball river at 12. Had a good camp, good, water and grass. Country similar to yesterday.

July 23—Made a pretty early start this morning. Crossed the Cannon Ball and came some seven miles farther. Camped on a small stream where we had good wood, water and grass. Made a march of sixteen miles. The country was very rough. It took us

some three hours to cross the Cannon Ball river. We passed what is called the Dog's Teeth Buttes. Got into camp quite late.

July 24—Started this morning at 5 and made a march of twenty miles and made Heart river at 2. It was very warm and we suffered some for want of water. It was a kind of a tedious day's march, but we got to our journey's end finally and had a fine camp, there being plenty of wood, water and grass.

July 25—We laid over today making preparations for a raid, as we had got information that there was a large body of Indians ready to fight us on Knife river, some sixty or seventy miles north. We got some mules and tried the experiment of packing them but found that to be no go, as Mr. Mule concluded that he did not enlist for that purpose. So the General concluded that he would try wagons for transportation. Officers and men were ordered to dispense with all the extra luggage and to take two day's cooked rations in their haversacks. This begins to savor of Indians. The day was spent in preparations. The Idaho teams were all corralled, as was our own train except what light wagons were in the outfit and our hospital or ambulance train. Night set in leaving us not ready to start. It will be as well to state here that this is a beautiful stream of clear water running over a bed of sand with any amount of coal stone in the stream and in the bluffs on the stream, veins of that material being found from four to seven feet thick. Here we found some of the best specimens that I have seen. They consisted of thin soft rock with all manner of figures on them. Some had the whole figure of a fish, others a bunch of grapes, plums and leaves of every sort and description. Our gold seekers tried their luck here but did not meet with any great degree of success, but I believe that, in the language of the miners, they did "Raise the color.

July 26—This morning opened up on us bright and clear. We got ready and all started out round in the vicinity and grazed our horses while the train managers were getting our transportation in moving order. While this was being done some of the boys indulged pretty freely in "Capt. King Sulter Rye." The consequence and result was a free fight in which there was more noise than blood. So passed the time till 2 o'clock when the bugle sounded "To horse" and off we went, the First Brigade in advance. We marched about two miles when we were ordered to halt till everything came up. There was plenty of good water and grass so we filled our canteens,

watered our horses and let them eat. Capt. Tripp of the Dakota Cavalry was left in command of the corral with a sufficient number of guards to keep off all intruders.

But we had not more than fairly got our horses turned out before the bugle sounded "To horse" and we mounted and got off again. The cause of our hurry was the news brought in by our scouts that the scouts had made a raise of some Indians and were fighting them. This was told us by Col. Pollock, who came riding along the lines saying, "Men, they are fighting on the advance. Don't get excited, but remember that firing cannon, or an Indian shaking his blanket at you, ain't going to hurt any of you; and don't think of runnning, as there is no place to run to." This was the last thing that entered the boys' heads, for instead of looking for a place of retreat you could see impatience in every eye to get ahead to the scene of action.

Well, on we went, and found out after awhile that the scouts had met a hunting party of fifty or sixty Indians and fired into them. The Indians showed fight and about two-thirds of the scouts, along with the Captain, ignominiously fled, leaving their comrades to shift for themselves. This they did by standing their ground and putting the whole party of redskins to flight, killing one, as they reported. We marched on till after dark when we bivouacked without any wood or water and were not allowed to build a fire with chips, as the report was that there was some 700 or 800 Indians in the neighborhood.

A laughable affair occured here which raised quite an excitement and no little fun among the boys. One of the boys in L Company got to dreaming. We were sleeping right in front of our horses. He fancied the Indians were after him sure, and got on his hands and feet, boo-hoo-ing and crying. It scared the horses and they gave one surge which aroused the whole company, and each man rabbed his horse's bits, for we had them all saddled and bridled ready for trouble. By this time the boys on the left of the line began to laugh, and then we found out what was up, and had a good hearty laugh, and then lay down and all slept soundly, notwithstanding the Indian "scare."

July 27—Started at 4 and made a march of twenty-seven miles over a pretty rough rolling country, stopping only to cook coffee, and got into camp at 5 o'clock on Knife river. Here we had a

splendid camp, having plenty of wood, and grass and running water. We got to bed pretty early.

July 28—Was awakened up at 12 o'clock by reveille. We got up and saddled our horses and got them all ready for moving and then went to bed again and slept till 3, when we got off again, the First Brigade in advance. We came eight miles and cooked our breakfast on a branch of Knife river. Rested about an hour and then started on again and marched till 12, when one of the scouts came in and rode up the General's ambulance. The "halt" was sounded and Col. Pollock rode over. After stopping a short time he came back and spoke to the Captain: "Well, Captain, we have found the s—— of b—— at last!" And such a yell as went up, you have no idea of.

While this was going on, Gen. Sully had his orderlies out carrying dispatches and getting his lines formed and making other preparations to fight. He seemed to make his calculations according to circumstances. The General thought from the appearance of thin s that the Indians were about four or five miles off. The First and Third Battalions of the Sixth were ordered to fight on foot; the Seventh, the Ei hth Minnesota Infantry, and Bracket's Battalion were held as a reserve to charge; so the Second Battalion of the Sixth and part of the Second Minnesota Cavalry, and the rest of them were to support the Minnesota Battery and guard our little train; the Indian scouts, Dakota Cavalry and Company M of the Sixth were to support the Prairie Battery, Capt. Pope's.

After these arrangements were all completed, the order was given to move forward This we did for a mile or two and then we we were ordered to prepare to fight on foot. This was done by counting off in fours and No. 4 was left mounted to attend to and lead the horses of the other three; then we formed in one line, and Company G went forward as skirmishers. Company A was on the extreme right. On the left of the Sixth was the Seventh, and on the extreme left the Minnesota Eighth Infantry. The led horses were brought up in the rear of the companies to which they respectively belonged.

Finally, we were ordered forward. This was obeyed with alacrity, as the boys were anxious to be up and at them. We kept advancing some time when the Indians tried to flank us on the right. Capt. Jones' battery was run up and they were forced to give back

right in front of our right, and in fact all along our line. The valiant reds were doing some fancy feats of horsemanship. They got behind some small buttes, would peep over and fire and then away they would go before we could get a shot at them. This continued some time when some of the boys watched and as soon as one showed up they blazed away at him and soon scared them out of that position.

They then broke for some timber still ahead. Here Capt. Jones had recourse to some of his "peace persuaders" and threw some shells in the timber which made them get. At the same time Capt. Pope was paying his respects to the gentlemen on the left till they began to feel as though they would as soon be some place else, and acted accordingly by falling back. At this juncture Brackett's men were ordered to charge which they did in fine style, making the Indians fly in every direction and killing about thirty. They only lost one man killed, the orderly sergeant of Company C, and two wounded.

All this time our column was advancing, sometimes on the double-quick, under a scorching July sun and hardly any water fit to drink. The reds kept falling back, till they suddenly left us, flying precipitately down a hill that was almost perpendicular. As it was now 8 o'clock and nearly dark we had to give them up for the night and the "Rally" was sounded. We had been on foot and going since 12 o'clock and had had nothing to eat. We finally got together again and camped the most compact that we had ever done, both the brigades not occupying more space than one regiment would on ordinary occasions.

I will relate some of the incidents that happened during the day. After we had dismounted and got into line the order was given to forward. On the boys went regardless of obstacles. Right in front was a pond of water which by obliquing a little to the left we could go around, but some were in such a hurry that in they plunged and up to the neck they went, but went it through and came out on the other side pretty well wet, but not discouraged.

During the fight a boy not over 16 years old in Brackett's Battalion got separated from the command and fell in with a powerful Indian. The little fellow was scared pretty badly, but pitched in, fired off all the loads in his revolver and then went in with his saber, with which he finished Mr. Indian. Then he came back and related

his adventure alternately laughing and crying. He had the Indian's "top-knot" with him.

After we had got up to the woods where the Indians had been concealed some of the boys saw an Indian hiding in the brush. They fired away at him, killed him and brought him out. It did not take long to dispatch him. It was a fortunate thing as had he not been discovered, he would probably have brought some of our boys down.

July 29.—Was awakened pretty early and started after the retreating foe. Went some six miles and found it was impossible to go any further on account of the ground being so awful rough that we could not follow them with cavalry horses. This is a part of the Little Missouri bluffs which will be described hereafter. We then turned round and came back on to the battle ground, where we lay till 4 o'clock. Part of the troops were occupied in collecting and burning the deserted stuff of the Indians.

Some idea may be formed of the strength of their force when I tell you that we destroyed some 8,000 or 9,000 lodge poles and other stuff in proportion, any amount of dried berries, buffalo jerk, etc. Here we found a spring of splendid tasting water, but after it had been in our canteens a short time it was utterly unfit for use. At 4 o'clock the "Advance" was sounded and we commenced our retrograde movement. Made a march of eight or ten miles and went into camp right on a stream. Plenty of grass and water. Turned our horses out to graze.

Just before sunset we were ordered up with the news that the Indians were coming in on us. We got our horses up and were out under arms in a very short time. But the thing played out with the Indians. They had a pony all fixed up with buffalo skins to scare our horses, but they lost on the game as we were too well prepared for them. They succeeded, however, in killing two of our pickets, who were stationed on an isolated post but their horses being scared ran into camp.

A melancholy circumstance occurred here which brought grief to all concerned. We were all put on guard as reserve pickets. Company E being on, Second Lieut Winget was in charge of part of the guard. He retired to the rear for some purpose and the guard seeing him raise up fired at him and shot him dead on the spot. He was a good man and well liked by officers and men. After this we

were undisturbed although we kept our horses saddled all night.

July 30—Started this morning at 2 and made a march of twenty-five or thirty miles and arrived on Knife river at 3 where we had a good camp. It a little lower on the stream than we camped going up Saw several signs of Indians. The General has some idea that they are trying to make a raid on our corral. We went to bed in usual style and had a good night's sleep. The First Brigade in advance. A pleasant day.

July 31—Started at 5 and came on to Heart river, a distance of thirty-five miles. We camped lower down the stream than where we camped before. We had an awful rain and wind storm about 3 o'clock. Got into camp at 5. We found the corral all right, they not having been disturbed during our absence. They were exceedingly glad to see us back again. We had another heavy rain during the night.

August 1—This morning dawned bright and clear. The day was put in drying clothing, etc. We had a congratulatory order read at dress parade in regard to our raid, etc. We fired off our guns and cleaned up, having a good place to wash up. Our train came up from the corral.

August 2—Another very warm day. Was in camp all day making preparations for starting on our westerly course again.

ACROSS TO THE YELLOWSTONE.

August 3—Started this morning at 5 in a westerly direction. Had a good road traveling over rolling prairie. Came a distance of twenty-five miles and camped on Heart river at 3 o'clock. Had a good camp, plenty of wood, water and grass. The day was cool and pleasant.

August 4—Another cool day. Started at 5. Country about same as yesterday. Made a march of nineteen miles and camped on Heart river at a little after 1. The First Brigade in the rear today. Had a good camp, plenty of wood, water and grass. There has been an Indian encampment here not long ago.

August 5—Started at 5 and came on till 4, when we bivouacked on the edge of one of the roughest pieces of country I have ever seen. We made a march of twenty-five miles. Our camp was good. Grass, but no water, although there were standing pools of rain water from one to three miles from camp. Buffalo chips plenty. First Brigade in advance.

August 6—Started at 5, marched all day and only made twelve miles. Very warm. We marched through what is called the "bad lands," or as Gen. Sully termed it, "H——l with the fires put out." The appearance indicated as though there had been a great conflagration there at some time. The bluffs or hills were in all manner of shapes, from the regular shaped mound to the perpendicular side hill and all you might say bare. The clay was of different colors, which gave it at a distance a very picturesque appearance. Scattered along once in a while you would see a clump of bushes, sometimes wild cherries, June berries, etc., and other groves would be fir or cedar.

We found here petrifaction in every variety, from what had been a tree of six or seven feet in circumference down to the merest

atom, all hard as the granite rock. L Company of the Sixth Cavalry being on flank guard, we were well prepared to see all that was to be seen. Now we would see the colors two or three miles off on the hills and soon we would see them right, as you might say, under us. I will not be doubted, I hope, when I say that while the column was marching seven miles we as flankers had not marched more than two miles from camp, so far extended was the line that the front would travel say two miles before the rear would start and then not be over eighty rods from them. Such was the march of the 6th of August--eleven hours' hard marching.

But at length our expectations were realized by the sight of the Little Missouri. How that stream found a way down through those hills is past my comprehension. We found a pretty good camp on the Little Missouri, with the exception of grass as we had good wood and water in abundance. As flankers we roamed over a good deal of country and found plenty of cherries and June berries and some of the boys found strawberry plants. We found good water, but the column suffered for water till they arrived in camp.

August 7—Col Pattee was sent out with his Battalion to guard a party that had been sent out to try and get a road out through the buttes. We lay in camp till 10 when some of the men who had gone out rather far to graze were surprised by a band of Indians numbering something like thirty or forty. The boys all came into camp in a hurry. One boy from Company A came near being caught out in the cold, but he succeded in getting into camp. There were only five or six of the boys. As soon as the alarm was given we pulled up stakes and started up the river stopping some three miles from our old encampment to wait till our fatigue party came in.

But before they came a report came that the Indians were on the bluffs opposite. Sure enough, on looking up, there they were trying to fire into us, but their firing could do us no harm as they could not shoot half way to our camp. Just as we were going into camp, Company L of the Seventh came in pell mell all in confusion, claiming that the Indians had come on to them in such numbers and in such a way that instant flight was the only way to prevent complete annihilation. After they got in and we all got straightened around and a heavy guard posted we all went to sleep as quietly as if nothing had transpired, although we had to get up at 12 and saddle up.

August 8—Started this morning at 5, the Second Brigade in

advance. The First Brigade was acting as train guard. Part of the Sixth was on the right flank dismounted, the Seventh on the left flank dismounted and Capt. Miner's Battalion of Dakota Cavalry and part of the Sixth brought up the rear. I forgot to say that we had crossed the Little Missouri.

The Indians were all around us trying to break in on every side, but the Minnesota battery was mowing them in front and scattering them in all directions. Up they would come onto the right and left flanks, but the potency of the old muskets and Minnie rifles assisted when practicable by Capt. Pope's battery, was a little too much lead for the great braves. Back they would go over the bluffs (for the bluffs were just like those we crossed on the 6th) going up and down places on their ponies where it seemed impossible for a man to travel on foot. Balked here they would make a dash at the rear guard. Once they came near cutting them off, but they found a little more than their match in Capt. Miner and his little band.

The did succeed in getting one horse, saddle, bridle, gun, revolver, saber, etc., with some forty or fifty rounds of rifle ammunition. This was from a private in Company H, of the Sixth. He had halted outside of his company for some reason and was dismounted at the time. He was just putting on his belt to return to the company when they pitched in, scared his horse and put an arrow or two into him. He broke for his company, leaving everything. He did not get much hurt, but was pretty badly scared.

The red whelps harrassed us all day, but they done us but little harm with the exception of wounding our Blackfoot guide and the only one we had that knew anything of our whereabouts. He was pretty badly wounded through the left shoulder. We found a hole of rain water where the general concluded we had better camp as we did not know how far it would be to any other water.

We camped pretty compact. Had no grass nor wood. After we got into camp and the men were out with their horses trying to find grass, the Indians made a rush to stampede our stock, but they were driven back and they got nothing. We had our cannon placed all around the camp, but we were disturbed no more til morning. The calculation was that we killed eighty or 100 Indians during the day. The number could not be ascertained as they carried off their

dead in a great measure. It was a pretty warm day and we suffered a good deal on account of water.

August 9—This morning we started at 4. Our horses had been saddled nearly all night. The First Brigade was in advance. After we got partly into line we noticed that the Indians were trying to make a break in our right. The First Battalion of the Sixth was was ordered to dismount and fight on foot. The Indians kept coming in at a pretty fast pace and the boys were ordered forward on the double quick. Off they started ith a yell that proved too much for the nerves of the sensitive aborigines, who as soon as they saw them getting into a good shape to fight fled as they always did before us. The boys fired considerable at them. How many were killed I can't say, but there must have been a good many.

When the Indians saw they were baffled at this game they tried to make a dash on the rear, when the Second Battalion of the Sixth, which was held as a reserve, was ordered to dismount which they did in a hurry and drove the Indians back with a vengeance. When they saw they were foiled in every effort they abandoned the whole concern and left us for good.

All this time the trains were moving and by the time we were all mounted and ready to start we found ourselves on pretty level country and some good water. We watered our animals and went on a few miles and turned them out to graze. After grazing a while we started on and had not gone far before we run across the camp of the Indians, all deserted. It was a very large camp, there must have been several hundred lodges. We got on to their trail and followed it some two or three miles when it divided, part of them going towards the Missouri river while others moved more in the course of the Yellowstone. We made a march of eighteen miles, not getting into camp till nearly night, we found some water that was very good and some good grass, but no wood.

Along in the night we were awakened out of a sound sleep by the cry, "Awake up, the camp is full of Indians; get up for God's sake!" Well you can imagine that we were not long in getting out. After we got out and looked around we found it was a false alarm. The cause was a man in Company F had been on guard and when he came off lay down and fell asleep. I suppose he was dreaming of

Indians and had a fit of nightmare, hence the scare. But finally we got to sleep and had a pleasant rest after all.

August 10—Started at 9 and made a march of sixteen miles, which brought us onto the Beaver river, where we arrived at 6. It was a rough road, especially the last end of it. We had good camp with the exception of grass, having good wood and running water. There was not more than room enough to camp between the hills. Saw no redskins.

August 11—Started at 5 and marched till 12 over the most barren part of the country that we have seen, not anything growing but wild sage, when we came to a stream. When we tasted the water we found it to be alkali or salt water, worse than any we had yet had, but in the valley of the stream we found some grass. After our horses had rested and eaten all they wanted, or all they could get, we started and marched till 7 o'clock. We found some water, but it was very salty. We found some grass, but that too was dry and salty to the taste. Some of the boys said they heard a boat whistle. We made a march altogether of thirty miles.

August 12—We grazed our horses till noon and then started and made a march of eight miles over a rough country and arrived on the Yellowstone at 4. Here we had good wood and water, but no grass. We fed our horses some cottonwood. We also got a small feed of corn for them, I think four pounds to the horse. We found here two steamboats, the "Alone" and the "Chippewa Falls" awaiting us. It was a pretty warm day. Found the Yellowstone to be a splendid stream with a very strong current. The banks were lined with a heavy growth of cottonwood timber. There was an abundance of game, such as deer, elk, bear, etc.

BACK TO THE MISSOURI.

August 13—At 12 today we started down stream about two miles and the Sixth crossed, swimming the horses and taking the other stuff on the boats. We had no feed. We all got over safe.

August 14—Went out this morning and found some good grass for our horses. We kept them out till 1 o'clock. The Second Brigade and the Idaho train crossed the Yellowstone. The Second Brigade lost two men and some teams crossing and the Idaho train lost a couple of men and two teams. At 1 o'clock we all started down the river towards the Missouri. We traveled eight miles over a splendid bottom and camped on a stream where we had good water, wood and grass, at 5 o'clock.

August 15—This morning the Sixth was ordered back to help unload the boats and to load up our trains so as to enable the boats to get down the river, as it was falling so rapidly that it was getting difficult to navigate with our boats. The rest of the command moved on down some thirteen miles.

August 16—The Sixth started this morning and came on down eighteen miles where we found the rest of the command encamped near to timber, but about a mile from water. The grass was not good. We had a miserable camp. It was windy and dusty. We got in about 1 o'clock.

August 17—Today we laid in camp all day. It was very warm and dusty. Some of the men who were out hunting brought in thirteen elks.

August 18—The Second Brigade received orders today and moved down to the Missouri river. Part of them got across by taking their wagons over on the boats and fording the mules and horses. One man belonging to the Seventh Iowa and driving a team for the Brigade Headquarters was drowned while crossing the river, get-

ting entangled among the mules. The rest of the command laid in camp all day.

August 19—The First Brigade started this morning at an early hour and came down to the river, a distance of ten miles, and succeeded in getting across the Missouri river below Fort Union at 4 o'clock. We found the Missouri about as usual, only I think the timber is heavier than farther down on the same stream.

We found the valley of the Yellowstone from where we struck it down to the Missouri wide and level, averaging seven or eight miles, as fine a looking land as I have ever seen. But like a good deal of country we had passed over parched up for want of rain. But the buffalo signs gave conclusive evidence that this valley had been once, not very long ago, very fertile.

About this time the Idaho train split up, some going up the Yellowstone, some up the Missouri and others returning on the government boats. It will be as well to state here that all our sick had been transferred to the boats, but the jolting they had experienced in the ambulances set very hard on them and the treatment on the boats was not such as it ought to have been. Poor fellows! some of their bones lie bleaching far away from home and loved ones.

August 20—Laid over today, that is the First Brigade. The Second moved on down stream a distance of six or eight miles in order to procure better feed as up where we were camped there was no grass. While lying here we grazed our horses down some four miles below Fort Union and in the vicinity of old Fort Williams.

This had been built by the Catholic missionaries as early as 1827. It was built in a square and was built of unburnt brick, or adobe. Some of the relics laying around showed that those who were there before had been pretty well fixed up, as parts of cane-bottomed chairs, washboards, etc., testified. It was built on a plain about half a mile from the river and the bastions had command of the river both up and down. It was well situated for defense and conveniences both of wood and water. Right down below these old ruins was the hulk of of one of our steamers that had sunk on her trip up the river, by which accident our poor animals were euchred out of quite a lot of forage, as the boat had on some 1,600 sacks of corn all of which was lost. I think our horses had same four feeds of corn while in this vicinity and this was the last they got till late in September.

Fort Union is situated close to the river about two miles above

the mouth of the Yellowstone river and is constructed the best for defense of any post on the river, the bastions being of rock as well as parts of the fort. It is the best looking post on the river that I have seen. Here we found Company I of the Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry, and they were still left here. They appeared to be enjoying themselves very well. They had plenty of buffalo jerk and were running a printing office, issuing a paper called the "Frontier Scout."

August 21—This was a very warm day. We laid in camp till 3 o'clock when we started and went down to where the Second Brigade was camped. Here we found a good camp, plenty of good wood, grass and Missouri water. We got in about 6.

August 22—Started at 9, came eighteen miles by 3 and camped on the Missouri river. Had a splendid camp. Got the intelligence of the death of William Duwe, one of our best boys.

August 23—Started at 9, came a distance of five miles and encamped on a creek called the Big Muddy. Had a very good camp, having good water and grass, but no wood. Got in here about 10 o'clock.

August 24—Started this morning at 5 and came on till 4, having made a march of twenty-five miles over a dry, barren country. The roads were good. We had a good camp on the Missouri, plenty of wood, water and grass.

August 25—Started at 5 and made a march of twenty-five miles, camping on an alkali hole about two miles from the river. Had wood and grass. We traveled most of the day on the river bottom, once in a while going up on to the bluffs, which we found similar to all other parts of Dakota that we had traveled in.

August 26—Started at 6, made a march of eighteen miles and encamped on the Missouri again. Had a pretty good camp, wood, grass and water in abundance, but had to go a good ways to get the water. We got in at 12.

August 27—Started this morning at 4 and came about twenty miles over high prairie road. Got into camp on the Missouri at 3. Had one of the best camps I have seen on the march, plenty of wood, grass and Missouri water. We saw the place where the Indians had camped after crossing the Missouri river, the same fellows that we had fought in July. Our artist has a picture of this camp in his pos-

session. We found plenty of cherries and dried June berries. Here at this camp.

August 28—Started at 5, came twenty-six miles and camped on an alkali pond about two miles from the river. Had to get some wood at this place. We camped right in among the brush. We did not get into camp till after sundown. We were all very tired as the Second Brigade was in advance and they marched very slow, as they always did when they were in advance.

August 29—We laid over today among the bushes. Any amount of Indians came down from Fort Berthold to see Gen. Sully. Company G of the Sixth Iowa got orders to stop at the fort during the winter, making Capt. Moreland commander of the fort and Lieut. Gaylord, A. A. Q. M. This is a wooden post close to the banks of the river, with bastions at two corners of it. The Crees, Gros Ventres and Mandan Indians have their headquarters at this post. Their lodges are all built of earth, or what are called dirt lodges. They are all denominated friendly Indians and I suppose they are rich, having when we were there some 300 or 400 acres of corn all ripened and were harvesting it. These Indians showed more independence and manliness than any Indians I have ever seen. They seemed to express a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure at the result of Gen. Sully's expedition and a great desire for him to follow up the hostiles, which they contended were at no great distance north of that post and even offered to act as guides to take us where they were.

August 30—Started at 9 this morning and came some ten miles by 12. Had a good camp some distance from the river. Good wood and grass. Some of the boys went to the fort to see and trade with the Aborigines. Company G left us and took up their quarters at the post.

August 31—Started this morning, came twenty-one miles and camped on or near the Missouri river. We were some two miles off and had to go through willows to get to it. We had good wood and grass. The Second Brigade was in advance. It was very warm. We were mustered for pay here.

DOWN TO FORT RICE.

September 1—Started this morning at five and travelled a northeasterly direction. Made a march of twenty-eight miles and camped on a large lake considerably inpregnated with alkali, but more with the foulness of wild ducks and geese. We had some good grass but no wood. The country was literally covered with buffalo. The General ordered the men out with their rifles to keep them from stampeding our horses.

September 2—Started in pretty good season, made a march of sixteen miles and camped at what are called the Dog Town buttes. There were several lakes here, but no other kind of water. Had no wood although there were some little pieces of cherry tree. It was not very warm. Did not have any grass to amount to anything. It was said that from here it was only forty or fifty miles to Devil's Lake. We rather expected to meet the Indians at this point, or near it, but saw no signs of any. Direction east.

September 3—Started this morning at a pretty early hour in an easterly direction. It commenced raining on us at 10 and kept on till 12. Very hard road, high and dry. Passed a good many lakes. Saw a good many buffaloes, in fact everything appeared to be covered with buffaloes. We finally brought up about 4 at a lake. Water bad. Had another heavy rain at night. Had good grass, wood scarce. The boys killed a good many buffaloes

September 4—Laid over today to clean up and dry up, as it is Sunday and the first Sunday we have laid up since we left Randall, only when we were building Fort Rice. It was warm and pleasant. The water was bad to drink, but fine to wash with.

September 5—Started in a southeasterly direction and made a march of twenty miles, camping on Maple creek. The weather was warm and cloudy, roads good. Water is alkali and not fit to drink.

From this camp we could see what are called the Painted Woods. They are too far off to visit. There was a large number of buffalo in sight.

September 6—This has been a hard day on us, as it rained all day long. Started at 4 a. m. and marched till 6 p. m., making a march of twenty-six miles and camped right among some hills where there was no wood nearer than half a mile and no water only what had settled on the uneven places of the ground. This being rain water was of course good. Our horses had good grass, but the poor animals were nearly worn out with so much hard marching and scarcity of feed. But we got them out and then got into our tents as quick as possible, and notwithstanding our being so wet we managed to get a good night's rest. The Second Brigade, which was in the rear, did not get as far as we did by two or three miles, encamping out on the high prairie. It quit raining a little after dark.

September 7—Did not get off this morning till 6, but we all felt pretty well, considering our big march through the rain yesterday. It might be said right here that we have so little rain in Dakota that when it does come it finds us wondering how it managed to get here. And I would say further that this was the first day's steady rain I had seen since I have been in the territory. Made a march of twelve miles through a broken country and camped at 12 on Apple river about seven miles above Gen. Sibley's famous Camp "Slaughter." Here is where the General had a splendid chance to whip the Indians but failed to do so for reasons I suppose satisfactory to himself, if not to the whole country. The Second Brigade did not get in till 2 p. m., as they were behind us in the morning. They took up the remains of Lieut. Beaver, who was killed a year ago, and buried here. This is a fine day and we have a good camp. Good wood, water and grass.

September 8—Did not get started very early this morning on account of having to bridge the stream, but finally we got over. A squad was sent forward to Fort Rice to get our mail. Made an eighteen mile march and camped on the bluffs of the Missouri about one mile from the stream. Had good water, wood and grass. The Second Brigade camped about two miles above us on the river. About 10 p. m. the mail came and was distributed to the boys and you can judge there was not much sleeping done till all the letters were read and re-read. Here we were informed that a company of

emigrants under Capt. Fisk, had left Fort Rice with an escort of fifty men sent out by Col. Dill of the Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry. This detail was composed of men and horses that had been left behind as not able to go with the expedition and had been left behind to recuperate. They followed the trail of the expedition till they reached the Heart river country, where the Indians corralled them. This information was brought in by two soldiers of Brackett's Battalion of Minnesota Cavalry, who had by some means managed to escape. This expedition of Col. Dill's was under command of Capt. Smith of Company A, Dakota Cavalry. At this camp Lieut.-Col. S. M. Pollock received his commission as Colonel, Maj. Tenbroeck that of Lieutenant-Colonel, and Capt. John Gallager of Company A, ("Pap" Gallager, we called him) that of Major.

September 9—Started this morning at 6 and came nineteen miles, which brought us six miles below Fort Rice on the Missouri river. Here we had a good camp, being close to wood, water and grass. The rumors in regard to the corralling of Capt. Fisk's train was confirmed by the detailing of 100 men from our regiment to go to their relief. There were also 100 men from the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, 100 from Brackett's Battalion, 200 from the Second Brigade and 200 from the Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry. All under command of Col. Dill of the Thirtieth Wisconsin. They were ordered to take eighteen days' rations and to move as soon as possible. The Second Brigade was in camp directly across the river from Rice, so they got ready at once for the trip.

September 10—This day was spent in getting the boys across the river, drawing clothing, loading up their train, etc., getting ready to start. Was quite chilly.

September 11—Most of us in camp nearly all day. The boys who were on the Dill rescuing detail got off and were more than willing to go to rescue the women and children and soldiers, but I had my doubts as to any good feelings they entertained towards Col. Dill or Capt. Fiske, as those two men were the means of getting the train into the scrape they were in. At least this was the opinion held by the rank and file of the members of the expedition.

September 12—This has been a very pleasant day and an idle one in camp.

September 13—Another idle day in camp. Not much transpired to relieve the monotony. It was a fine pleasant day. The

Second Brigade was paid off and part of them ordered to report at Fort Snelling, Minn., and part at Fort Wadsworth on James river, D. T., as soon as possible.

September 14—A fine day and an idle one. Nothing out of regular line.

September 15—The siege of lethargy was raised slightly today by the appearance of the paymaster, who paid us off, and all but the Quartermaster and Commisary Sergeants received the advanced ages only giving them the old rates, $17 per month, while the other sergeant received $20 per month. This blunder of the paymaster was rectified afterwards.

September 16—Today we had an Indian scare. The reds had run in on Company J who were in camp up the river cutting and putting up hay, and ran off some of their horses but did not kill or wound any of the men. A scout was sent after them but did not catch them.

September 17—A fine day in camp. The scout returned today that was sent out and reported no Indians.

September 18—A fine day but an idle one.

September 19—Report for today and yesterday are both the same.

September 20—Was still continuous of days before.

September 21—This morning we started out with our horses and as it had got to be our common custom we were there with no revolvers. We were engaged in picketing our horses when some of the boys looking up saw four horses outside the guard line and two Indians mounted on ponies making for them. An alarm was given and some of the boys started into camp to increase the alarm. Our horse guard was immediately on hand (they of course were armed with revolvers and muskets.) Corporal Thompson of the guard started after Sergeant Alf. Murphy and borrowed a rifle and revolver, Private John Hill borrowed a revolver from a guard and started. All these men were from Company L of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry, Capt. Wolf and a private from Company J of the Sixth Cavalry was also in pursuit. They followed them some ten miles when Hill began to grow weary and turned to look back when he saw the Indians closing in around them from all sides. He halloed at the rest to come back or they would be killed, but they either did not hear or heed him and led on by Capt. Wolf who did not take in the danger of their situa-

tion and was confident that they would gobble the reds. When Hill found that they were bound to go he started back as fast as his horse would come. The Indians started after him but he finally eluded them and made his way back to camp and reported that Murphy, Thompson and the others were surrounded by Indians and he thought killed. Upon receipt of this information Companies D and L were ordered to start in pursuit, which they did as quick as they could get ready. By the time we were ready to start Capt. Wolf came in and confirmed Private Hill's report. We started and after eight or ten miles travel met the Company I man dressed in shirt, drawers and stockings, with a firm grasp on his revolver. He told us that three of the boys had made their way into the thick willow brush and the Indians were afraid to follow them. He had intended to swim the Missouri but the Indians were to close to do that. His opinion was that Murphy and Thomson were both killed but he turned and went back with us. After we had gone about ten miles we found poor Murphy literally cut to pieces, being mutilated in a horrible manner, stuck full of arrows, an awful gash from a tomahawk in his side, scalped and stripped and robbed of everything he had but his boots, which they had left. We got him in the ambulance and searched the willows for Thompson but could get no information of him. We saw tracks to the edge of the river and concluded he had swam the river and in this our suspicions were correct as he came to Fort Rice and then to camp where we found him on our return at 9 p. m. He was pretty badly used up, being stiff from travelling and swimming the river having had to shed his clothing in order to cross the river, so you can see his toilet was not elaborate when he came to camp.

The above is as correct an account of Sergeants Murphy's death as it is possible to give for there was no one but his murderers present to witness the bloody deed. It was the opinion of those who were in the willows that Murphy sold his life pretty dearly as they counted seven shots that he must have fired, six from his revolver and one from his rifle, and as near as we could judge he was urging his horse to the willows when he either stumbled and fell or fell from exaustion. Murphy was a general favorite both in company and regiment, one of the kind that was as brave as a lion and yet as tender hearted as a woman. In proof of this it might be stated that a purse of $150 was contributed by his comrades to his stricken wife as a slight token of

their regard for him. The Indians made a good haul on that raid, a good watch, $60 in money, Murphy's clothes and horses, (none of them very good however,) three saddles and bridles, one rifle, one revolver and a good deal of ammunition.

September 22—A raw cold day. Companies C, E, I, F and M to stay at Fort Rice till relieved and send their horses below all but six or seven. Company A took C's horses, Company B took M's horses, Company D took E's horses, Company H took I's horses and Company L took F's horses. The day was spent in getting them turned over.

September 23—Another day in camp. Sergeant Murphy was buried at the cemetery at Rice with the usual military honors. No word from the scout after Fisk.

September 24—Monotonous.

September 25—Corporal R. Mickle who has been sick for some time is reported dangerously ill and no hopes are entertained for his recovery. A fine day.

September 26—Rather a cool day. Corporal Mickle died at 7 p. m. Another hero gone and one who was a man in every sense of the word. It might truthfully be said of him, "None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise." If he had an enemy in the Company I never knew it. He was an idle Corporal, for an orderly sergeant always ready for every duty. We buried him at Fort Rice. Two of his brothers belonging to the Seventh Iowa Cavalry left him in good health while they went on the Fish expedition will find only the mound above his remains on their return.

September 27—Today we buried Corporal R. Mickle at Fort Rice cemetery. Farewell Reuben your memory will always be green in our hearts. While at Rice today we learned of another Indian murder down on the Cannon Ball river. Some men from E Company were guarding teams that were hauling hay and the reds made a dash on them, killing one man named Murphy and wounding another. They left but got no U. S. property. James Contell of L Company shot an Indian just outside of the guard lines. Mr. Lo was trying to run off some government horses and Jim drew a bead on him and I guess took him about the middle of the way as he leaned over the neck of the pony who turned and loped to the rear. There

were several Indians in the party but at the warm reception their comrade received they left.

September 28—This has been quite a busy day in camp. Getting ready to leave which we expect to do in a few days. It was damp and cool.

September 29—Another busy day in camp. Gen. Sully moved his headquarters from Rice to our camp. Received orders to move tomorrow. We hear that Fisk's scouts had returned as far as the Cannon Ball and are expected in tomorrow.

September 30—Started at 6 a. m. and made a march of twenty-two miles and got into camp on Beaver creek at 4 p. m. It was quite cool. Some of the boys shot a buffalo. An Indian tried to break into camp, but he escaped leaving his blanket behind. Our command now consisted of Gen. Sully and staff, the Indian scouts, Companies A, B, D, H and L of the Sixth Iowa. Col. S. M. Pollock commanding Companies C. L and M of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, Col. Pattee commanding Maj. Brackett's Battillion of Minnesota Cavalry, Companies A and B of the Dakota Cavalry and the prairie battery; the other Minnesota troops having left for the Mississippi river.

October 1—Rather chilly but a pretty good day for marching. Made Swan Lake a distance of thirty-six miles a little after dark. Some Indians caught a Frenchman who was carrying dispatches. Capt. Miner gave chase and recovered the Frenchman and dispatches but the Indians escaped.

October 2—Started at 8 a. m and marched twenty miles camping on Blue Blanket creek at 2 p. m. A fine day for marching. The Indian scouts reported a white woman at the lake.

October 3—Started at 6 a. m. and made a march of eighteen miles and camped at 2 p. m. Had a fine day for marching.

October 4—This morning we started at an early hour and made a march of thirty miles, arriving at Assinibone creek at 5 p. m. Had a fine day.

October 5—Started at 8 and made a twenty-four mile march camping on the Oka Bayou at 2 p. m. Capt. Ames killed a young buffalo which meant a short lay-off from breaking team.

October 6—Started at an early hour and after a march of twenty-five miles pulled in to the banks of Old Muddy.

October 7—This day virtually winds up the expedition for 1864

as the different detachments received their orders for their winter quarters and set about to carry them out.

Companies B, H and K of the Sixth are to garrison Fort Sully, Company L to stay at Sully and Crow Creek till Company K gets up from Randall. The Companies B, H and L go into quarters at Sully. The rest of the troops go on down the river and those who are to stay at Randall will relieve those who are there now and they will go on down the river.

Thus reader I have taken you with us through the memorable 1864 campaign of Gen. Sully hunting Indians in Dakota and will now with a few words concerning Capt. Fisk's expedition, and the final placement of the Sixth Cavalry for wintering will leave you, hoping you will not get as tired reading as I have been a good many times while on the march and writing this up. At Fort Sully we met six Companies of the First United States Volunteer Refugees from Alabama who were on the march to Fort Rice where they were to relieve the Thirtieth Wisconsin who were ordered south. The Alabama fellows looked rather seedy. Their marching and the different climate accounting for that.

October 11—The scout under Lieut Pagean and Beekly arrived from the famous corral of Capt. Fish and from them I got the following account: They went on a nine day's march from Fort Rice and after the fourth day they took a route south of Gen. Sulley's on July 6. After leaving Rice they were surprised while eating their breakfast by some Indians running in on them and stampeding their horses, aside from this nothing of note occured. The ninth day about noon they came in sight of the corral and at first appearance it looked as though it was surrounded by Indian lodges. The command was drawn up in line of battle and ready for fight, making a different formation to what Gen. Sully would have placed them, the Infantry being put in close to the wagons while the cavalry was pushed forward as skirmishers. This may have been all right but the Cavalry men could not see it and as soon as the Cavalry boys saw what they supposed to be Indians they gave the usual yell and were ready to pitch in, but on close examination what they supposed to be Indian lodges turned out to be the emigrants out grazing their stock. The rescuers found the besieged all anxiously waiting their arrival, although they did not know whether their messengers had ever got through to Fort Rice or not. Some of the emigrants were still

anxious to go ahead while others were more than willing to come back. They stated that the Indians when first attacking had only about 75 men but they came on them so sudden that they were surprised and had a severe fight in which eight soldiers and four citizens were killed before they had time to get their teams corralled and ready to fight. After that they got corralled and fortified and kept them off so as not to give them any chance of doing anything further. Capt. Smith of the Dakota Cavalry had charge of them and all agree that he took hold with a cool determined bravery as any old veteran could under the circumstances, leading himself where there was danger. An instance to illustrate a soldier who could not get his horse to go it being balky. The Captain dismounted him and put another man in his place and the horse went all right. The man was the balky animal not the horse. One of the citizens had an excellent rifle but was trying to skulk among the wagons and the women drove him out and informed the Captain who made him give up his gun, took it himself and did some fine shooting with it. I did not learn how many Indians were killed but quite a number.

The Indians kept gathering until their estimated number was about 400. They had a white woman with them that they had taken at Platte July 12, and she corresponded with Capt. Fisk and he was trying to negotiate for her release when an incident occurred that is supposed to have started them off in a hurry while they were trying to treat for Mrs. Kelly (the captive's name.) They tried to get Capt. Fisk to start out but Mrs. K warned him not to go or put any faith in their promises as they did not calculate to fulfill them but only to entrap Fisk and his men, but as to their departure Fisk had some hard bread saturated with strychnine to kill wolves and some of the Indians got hold of it and it was reported that some thirty of them died from the effects.

At the beginning of the fight they had captured two wagons, one loaded with whisky and the other with ammunition, while the whisky lasted they fought like demons. The women in the train were highly pleased at sight of the soldiers and rejoiced at the opportunity of getting back and I suppose the men were fully as well satisfied. Capt. Fisk was anxious to go on or at least expressed himself in that way. After laying over a little while to rest up they started for Fort Rice at which place they arrived September 30. After resting here a day or two they all started for winter quarters. The

Minnesota across by Fort Wadsworth to Snelling, the Iowa and Wisconsin Cavalry by Fort Randall to Sioux City. The Infantry came down the river on boats built for that purpose while the Cavalry rode their horses.

October 22—Company K arrived at Fort Sully and Company L started for Randall at which place they arrived the 27th, having had fine weather to make the march. Here they crossed the river and went into winter quarters.

November 12—Companies C, E, I and M came down today. Companies C and M crossed the river and E and I went on down, E to Sioux City and I to Yankton. The Sixth are this winter as follows: A, C, D, L and M at Randall, B, H and K at Sully, E at Sioux City, F at Crow Creek, G at Berthold and I at Yankton. The change in the officers are as follows: Capt. Cram of Company C was promoted to Major, Lieut. Gates of Company A to Captain, Sergt. McAllister A to First Lieutenant, Q. M. Sergt. Odell to Second Lieutenant, Sergeant Fisk of Company C to Second Lieutenant, Capt. Logan of Company K was dishonorably discharged, Lieut. S. B. Coyl of Company L was mustered out, Sergt. A. Fuller of Company L was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and Lieut. Berry dismissed. The officers at Randall are as follows: Col. Pollock commander, Lieut. Heath adjutant, Lieut. Dayton Quartermaster, Lieut. Morgan Surgeon, Campburn and Bardude Chaplains. So will close up for the Campaign of 1864 promising if another expedition was made I would tell you of the facts and will now say good by to you.

Campaign of 1865

My last page left our regiment at different places on the Missouri river—Company G at Fort Berthold; Companies E, H and K at Sully; F at Crow Creek; A, C, D, L and M at Randall; I at Yankton and E at Sioux City. This gave Randall five companies and headquarters of the regiment. The winter was monotonous, the mail from the south bringing us all the real news we received. Rumors of all kinds were afloat through the fort as to our summer work which covered the whole territory of the United States, from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean. Gen. Sully had been figuring with the government officials for authority to cross his command at Fort Rice and start out for the Black Hills and Powder river and find the Indians and punish them. No doubt if the government really wanted to find and punish the Indians it would have been a good move, but the powers at Washington did not see it in that light. Col. Pollock, who did not have the fear of Gen. Sully before him, made some statement that did not suit the General so he had him placed under arrest and kept him there till after the expedition returned in October, much to the disgust of Col. Polock's men, who had great respect for and confidence in the Colonel and looked upon the arrest as a piece of petty spite and jealousy, which sequel proved to be true as the Colonel was restored to his command by order of the General without as much as a hearing.

So the time wore away. In order to make it a little more pleasant and less lonesome, W. Shaver, an old regular, who had served two or three enlistments and was now a member of Company A, organized a theatrical troop among the soldiers of the different companies. One of the most conspicuous was Corporal Frank Thomp-

son of Company L, another, Harry Tripp of C Company. The other members I did not personally know. Old uncle Billy as we called him, was a host himself in his line and the boys made it lively. Another thing Uncle Billy was very pronounced in was his temperance principles. The old veteran had been nearly ruined in his younger days by the use of intoxicants and it was pathetic in the extreme to hear him recount the scenes he had experienced. And, as is generally the case, he was opposed to the traffic in any and all forms, and in this he, too, had his ardent followers. They had a filed lodge of the Order of Good Templars which had a good membership and was the old man's darling.

Another source of amusement was the billiard hall which was generally well patronized by officers and men and helped to while away a great many otherwise lonely hours. Another place which was well patronized was the tenpin alley, kept by a Jew down at the ferry boat landing. He managed to jew in quite a good deal of the boys' money, especially about pay day. There was a library quite well supplied with books, mostly fiction, but some good standard works of history, travels, etc. This was kept in the same building with the billiard table and both were presided over by a one-legged soldier named "Jim." I never heard his other name. Jim, if the truth be told, was not as strict a temperance man as Billy Shaver. The library was so conducted that by a soldier paying a small monthly sum (50 cents I believe) he could have all the reading he wanted. So taking it altogether Randall had some good points, while there were some disadvantages.

On general principle it was healthy, but there were drawbacks here, too. Owing to the salt rations and the scarcity of vegetable food, a great many of the men suffered from scurvy, among them A. R. Fuller, C. Cook, M. Boyl and others of Comyany L, and more or less in all the other Companies. During the winter we sent to Sioux City and bought potatoes, onions and other vegetables with the Company's fund. So hungry were they for such food that sometimes as high as 5 cents apiece was paid for an onion or potato. A scurvy patient of Company A, John Falck a German, had been suffering a long time and had just able to ride a little. So he went out with a couple of men who were drawing wood from a gulch southwest of the fort, about three miles. While loading wood the Indians attacked them. The teamsters returned to camp as quick as they could but

poor Falck was filled full of arrows and as he was not able to escape he had to take it. As soon as word came to the fort a squad was started in pursuit. Of course they did not get the Indians, but they brought in the soldier, who had all the care possible but died in great agony during the night.

April 14—We received news today that Lee had surrendered to Gen. Grant and we had a general jubilee and jollification. Fired 100 guns in honor of the event. Conrad of C Company had his arm blown off while serving a gun. This was a sad affair and cast a deep gloom over the soldiers but aside from this nothing occurred to mar the glorious feelings of the day. Those who chose a little "commessary" to help celebrate did not find it hard to get and all felt as though our soldiering days were nearly over. But we found out different before October. All kinds of reports were in circulation but we stayed all the same.

April 21—We received the news today of President Lincoln's assassination. The flags were floated at half mast and all the official manifestations of grief indulged, and as the President was universally loved by the soldiers, a great deal of the manifestations were real and seriously felt.

April 27—Had a fast day. Had no drill. Had dress parade and orders were read to observe the 28th in honor of the President. Guns are to be fired each half hour.

April 28—Had no drill today but held memorial services in honor of President Lincoln. Had dress parade.

OFF FOR THE NORTH.

Along in the spring our officers received orders to consolidate the companies, or rather to fill up four companies to 100 men strong which was done. Companies A and L were consolidated under the command of Capt. Ames of Company L and Lieut Hunt. At this writing, February, 1892, what other Companies were in the Battallion and who commanded them has escaped my memory. Neither could I get the information from any source that I applied. The Command of the Battalion was given to Lieut.-Col. TenBroeck, Lieut. Fuller of Company L was adjutant and Surgeon Bardwell medical director. This command was duly organized and prepared to march at any moment, as we supposed to scour the Indian country of the Black Hills, Powder river, etc., but in this we were again disappointed.

Finally June 13, we moved across the river and set up our dog tents again. We all felt renewed in health at the removal from old scurvy Randall. Our camp here was not very pleasant as it was very sandy and sandy land in a windy country makes it very uncomfortable on the eyes.

June 19—Gen. Sully arrived at Fort Randall and was received with the customary salute. The Company clerks were ordered to Fort Randall to make up the muster roll.

Started at 6 and went into camp at Pease creek. Made a tramp of five miles.

June 22—Made another fifteen mile march and camped. This ground has been described elsewhere in this book.

June 23—Made a march of eighteen miles and camped on Platte creek.

June 24—Started early, marched to Red Lake a distance of twenty-eight miles.

June 25—Made a Sunday march of fifteen miles and camped

on Crow creek where we had a fine camp, good grass, wood and water.

June 26—Started early, came in to the agency, ten miles, and then came ten miles further and camped on a bleak knoll.

June 27—Made a twenty-five mile march and camped on Chapelle creek, near an old camp made some time ago.

June 28—Started quite early, made a sixteen mile march and arrived in camp on Yellow Medicine creek at 8 a. m. Went to work making out muster roll.

June 29—Laid over in camp today to rest up. Quite a number of the men visited Fort Sully which was only a short distance away.

June 30—Another day in camp. Mustered for pay. Fixed up rolls. Visited the fort and made the time as agreeable as possible.

July 1—Still in camp and nothing to do.

July 2—Being Sunday we had an elaborate guard mount, regular clean-up and wash-out, with orders to move tomorrow.

July 3—Moved camp today about six miles where we wandered around a good deal.

July 4—Was in camp all day. Being Independence Day we were patriotic. At least we were expected to be. Received orders to move out tomorrow.

July 5—Started at 4 a. m., marched thirty miles and arrived at Oke Bosier at 2 p. m., pretty well tuckered out. Had a good camp, well supplied with water, wood and grass.

July 6—Started at an early hour and came a distance of twenty-two miles, camping on Artichoke creek. Good camp.

July 7—Started early and marched eighteen miles, camping on Cheyenne creek, near a former camp that is memorable by the big hail storm in 1863. Had a good camp.

July 8—A fine day and cool. Started and marched til 10 when we arrived at Blue Blanket creek, or Swan lake. Capt. Ames was sick.

July 9—Started at 6 and made a march of twenty miles and made a good camp with plenty of wood, water and grass on Hid Wood creek. A fine day. Company D, Capt. Bardick, on guard.

July 10—Made a march of twenty miles, camping on Bordash creek. Company L on guard. Capt. Ames had picket guards out.

July 11—Started early and came to Lone lake, a distance of

twenty-five miles. Discovered where the reds had dug up a soldier that was buried last fall, for the purpose, I suppose, of mutilating the remains. Did not have a very good camp. Water alkaline.

July 12—Started early, marched twenty miles, camping on Beaver creek at 12, over a new route from what we came before. It was a hot day. We had a good camp, abundance of water, grass and fuel. Lieut. Fuller was thrown forward on his saddle, his horse having stumbled or more likely stepped into a wolf hole. Such accidents are occurring very frequently. Whether the effects are going to be permanent remains to be determined in the future. Fuller got a pretty hard bump in a very tender spot. Afterwards he had to have the pommel of his saddle covered with buffalo skin to made it more easy riding. Others were placed in the same category before and after, J. Duling, E. Tompkins, etc.

July 13—Started early and came twenty miles, camping on the Missouri river opposite Fort Rice on the ground of a former camp. Had antelope for supper. We had a good camp. Company K with Capt. Logan on guard.

July 14—Was in camp all day. There were 500 lodges of Indians camped near the fort, come to treat with Gen. Sully. They are looking for more to come

July 15—A monotonous day in camp with a fair proportion of Dakota's zephyrs blowing.

July 16—Another day of wind and idleness in camp. The pay master arrived in the afternoon.

July 17—Still in camp. Made out muster rolls and sent them to Fort Rice.

July 18—We spent this day in camp doing nothing. The boys were so near out of money that the chuck-a-luck fiend was not doing any business.

July 19—Still quite warm and monotonous in camp. Anniversary of the day we left Rice for the Indian country in 1864.

July 20—Still in camp. Boys out in the country making hay. We got our pay to day and things took on a brighter look. The chuck-a-luck man out in full force for business. Cooler than usual, having had some rain

July 21—A rainy day in camp and therefore a dull one for dog tents.

July 22—A shower, but otherwise a pleasant day. The camp

was startled by the report that Corporal Falk of Company M had shot himself. The Corporal was a German and became homesick and despondent and to equalize things up he shot himself. As this was the second man of Company M that had suicided, it caused more than ordinary comment among the men. Company L on guard. We received orders today to march tomorrow.

TO DEVIL'S LAKE.

July 23—Started early and made a march of twenty-seven miles arriving at Lake Sully, a rain water lake, at 3 p. m., where we had a good camp free from alkali. Had good grass. Company K on guard. Today our route was along Long Lake creek.

July 24—Getting an early start we made a march of thirty miles camping at a small lake, to which we gave the name of Lin Broeck in honor of our Lieutenant Colonel.

July 25—A warm day. Started early and made a twenty-five mile march, camping at a lake of good water and had good grass for our animals.

July 26—Another warm day. Made a twenty-mile march and camped at a lake where buffalo were wont to come to refresh themselves. We had meat for supper. A squad was sent out to overhaul some Red River traders. Capt. Ames of Company L had command.

July 27—Started at 5:30 and marched till 2 p. m., making twenty-eight miles camping on the same ground where the Red River traders had camped a short time previous. Our camp was on a stream called Cheyenne River of the North. Good camp.

July 28—Started at 6 and made a ten mile march. Had a good camp.

July 29—Started at 5 and made a march of eighteen miles, camping at the far-famed Devil's Lake, or Minne-Waukon, or bad water, at 12 m. We found the lake a nice body of water to look at, but the water!!—so impregnated with salt that we could not use it. However, by sinking shallow wells we obtained good water. The banks of the lake were rough and uneven, indicating that fearful storms were of customary occurrence on the lake. Large rocks appeared to have been washed ashore with the waves. The lake appeared to

be dotted over with islands, thickly timbered with cottonwood, cherry and other wood, of rather small growth. We stopped at this place three days sending out exploring expeditions, but discovering no Indian signs. Maj. VanMinden whom we called the "bug hunter," was quite successful in his exploration but those who stayed in camp were more successful in capturing bugs, but of another variety. During our stay at the lake the weather was cool.

August 2—We started at 6 and marched till 4, making twenty-eight miles and camping at an alkali lake, where we found plenty of timber, gooseberry and raspberry bushes. We saw the half breed scouts that had been sent out.

August 3—Started at 5 and came twenty-five miles, camping at a small lake where we found good wood, water and grass. Our march today was part of the time over sand pits, consequently bad traveling.

August 4—Started at the usual time and at 8 we reached camp, a distance of ten miles. Our camp was on a branch of Mouse river, a lovely spot—fine burr oak timber, lovely stream of good water, clear of alkali. We found some nice fish of the salmon species. Quite a few of them were caught and heartily enjoyed by the boys. A scout was sent out from here to locate if possible some of the hostiles but after a thorough search, even going over into British America, none were found. Lieut Hunt, Sergeant Perrin and Corporal Bennett, with a small squad of privates from Company L were in this detail and some from other companies. Capt. Williams of Company M was in command. There were about fifty from each Company. The scout returned about sundown. This is the finest camp we have had since we came in to the territory.

August 5—This has been a very warm day. Started at 6 and made twenty miles. Camped on Mouse river. Had another fine camp, plenty of good water, wood and grass and fish. Our Adjutant had a new system of guard adopted which was not very well received by the men.

August 6—Started at 6 and marched till 1 over a level country with nothing to break the monotony. Camped on a fresh water lake. Water good, but the lake was very dirty as it was literally covered with geese and ducks. We had no wood and poor grass.

August 7—Made a long march today of thirty miles over a level country. Started at 6 and camping at 6:30. Had quite a good camp,

spring of good water. Capt. Ames was out hunting buffalo and was thrown from his horse and hurt some. The horse got away and the Indians gobbled him, I suppose. Lieut Hunt. was out trying to capture him but failed, and I had command of the Company. Was not feeling very well. It has been a very warm day and good water scarce.

August 8—After a short march made a camp on a creek some distance from Fort Berthold. Quite a warm day. Our camp is rather a fine one, good water and grass. No fuel but buffalo chips nearer than the river. No news of any importance in regard to future movements.

August 9—We laid in camp all day. Done up some washing and letter writing. A number of the boys went to the fort today. It is very warm. The talk in camp today is that the fort is to be abandoned. It is only a report however.

August 10—Another fine day but very hot. Monotonous day in camp. A report is in circulation that we were to go to the headwaters of White river after Indians. Company M on guard.

August 11—Another warm day in camp. Went down to the fort and was round through the Indian teepees. There was a dance at the fort. Lieut. Hunt and some of the other boys went down. Boat came up and brought some mail. Heard about the Indian fight at Rice and is reported that we have orders to start homeward.

August 12—Got our mail. I received letters from wife, and papers. No word of paymaster. The boat went up to Fort Union.

August 13—Some of us went out to see the burning coal mine. We saw the smoke issuing from the ground. One of the boys stuck a spade in the ground and the smoke and flame burst out of the ground. This was on a slight elevation west of the camp. It was seen by all the men in the command. Capt. Ames was detailed on court martial. Company L on picket guard today.

August 14—Not as warm as yesterday but still pretty hot. Capt. Ames on court martial. Lieut. Hunt sick and I was in command. Worked on muster roll and made out Stevens' descriptive rolls.

August 15—A fine cool day but monotonous in camp. Lieut. Hunt and I worked on rolls. Wrote letters and got a warrant and filled it out.

August 16—Hot day and windy, we moved camp today and se-

cured a camp that was better calculated for comfort. We started at 1 and came four or five miles. Found shade, wood, water and grass. We are about three miles from the river. Hunt was officer of the day.

August 17—A fine day but hot. There is a report that there is a boat at the fort. Another report is that we move Saturday. Lieut. Hunt and I made a muster roll today. Wrote to Lieut. Heath in regard to warrant.

August 18—A very hot day with a big storm of wind, hail, rain, thunder and lightning. One Company camped on the creek bottom lost their whole outfit, saddles, bridles, tents, beddin , etc. The horses got scared and stampeded, carrying all before them. The lightning struck a wagon in the train and fired it. The sutlers tent was tipped over and it cost him all his brandied peaches and a good deal of tobacco to get his goods gathered up. But finally we got things in shape and had a good sleep. The stampede was about midnight. The stream rose in a few minutes from a rivulet to a roaring river. Gen. Sully had been to the Indian camp and the Indians prayed to him to send them rain as their crop of corn was all drying up and the grass also was getting exhausted. Gen. Sully exclaimed "Why, do they think I am the Almighty that I can bring rain whenever I want to?" But the General had hardly returned to camp till the rain began to get there. Then the General said, "Those d——d Mandans will give me all the credit for this shower."

August 19—Our camp was in a rather dejected looking condition this morning but the sun rose bright and clear and soon made everything assume its normal condition and turned out to be an eventful day. We received orders to get ready to leave Monday and also to have inspection Sunday. As we had been lying in camp so long the order to move was welcome news to us. Company M had lost a good deal of their stuff and we all had our clothes and bedding wet. So we went at it and dried them all out and felt better.

THE FIGHT AT FORT RICE.

Not being present as heretofore stated at the fight at Fort Rice, July 28, 1865, and not being able to locate any of the participants at this late day my account of that fight was very meager but through the kindness of Comrade Philips of Company C I have received a copy of the "Frontier Scout," a paper published at Fort Rice in 1865 in which is a short account of the fight by Sergt. Hobbs of Company G, who was one of the actors in the drama. The first part of the paper is a refutation of a mistake made by the editors of the paper. The article is as follows:—

FORT RICE, D. T., Aug. 8, 1965.

EDITOR FRONTIER SCOUT:—

Permit me to trespass briefly on your space to correct an error in the account of the battle of July 28, 1865, published in the Scout of August 3 and which is calculated to create an erroneous impression of the result of the engagement, besides doing injustice to a portion of the troops engaged. The error referred to (which was doubtless caused by a misunderstanding on your part of the language used) occurs in the concluding sentence of what you give as my [illegible] which sentence reads as follows. "I should judge in all there [illegible] ten or twelve Indians killed outright and there were [illegible] wounded." In the verbal narrative of the fight which I gave you at your solicitation I stated there were ten or twelve Indian [illegible] right and more wounded by Company G, Sixth Iowa Cavalry, instead of which you give that as the aggregate of the number killed [illegible] wounded by all the troops engaged. There were undoubtedly a large number killed and wounded by the other troops. Besides Company G there were four Companies of the First and three Companies of the Fourth U. S. V. Infantry engaged. The fight in detail covered a field of over two miles in extent from the extreme right to

the extreme left of our lines. The various Companies, detachments and batteries were disposed of at the most available points for making or repulsing an attack. The plan of battle on the part of the Indians was preconcerted and systematic and their attacks at all points were concerted and simultaneous. It was consequently impossible for those engaged on one part of the field to know what was transpiring on other parts. Therefore I spoke only of what came under my own observation, presuming that some lookeron in Venice would give you a more comprehensive sketch of the engagement.

Capt. Moreland with Company G of the Sixth and Lieut. Riley with Company D of the Fourth entertained the Red Skins attentively, if not pleasantly, on the left, while Capt. Michie and Lieut's Champney, Backerman and Brown with H, C, E and D respectfully, of the First and Capt. Bassett with Company C of the Fourth did the honors of the occasion at various points toward the right of the line where Capt. Swade with Company A of the Fourth was the presiding genius. The operations on the field were directed by Lieut.-Col. Pattee of the Seventh Cavalry in person, assisted by the Post Adjutant, Lieut. Archibald and Surgeon Yeomans of the Seventh was on the field to take care of all the wounded.

Individual praise being of necessity invidious is uncalled for. All did their duty and all doubtless contributed more or less to increase in numbers that wailing crew of which it was said "There is many a squaw that will bewail the brave killed on the 28th of July and make night hideous with her howlings as in the depth of her agony she pulls her long black hair by the side of some bluff or in some deep ravine in the Dacotahs." Poor dear creatures! As though Indians possessed the attributes of humanity or the affectionate instinct of the higher order of brutes! As though their fiendish hearts were susceptible of one spark of the anguish they so gloatingly inflict upon others! They are devoid of every embling emotion of the human heart, instinctively brutal, perternaturally degraded, essentially heartless, vindictive and remorseless. Their stately pride and nobility of character exists only in the ideal fancies of imaginative flash novel writers. The chivalrous knighterrant and romantic Hebs of the Indian race are Myths of the past.

The above extract is inserted for two reasons: First, to give a partial account of the fight at Rice, and second, to show the opinion

of the soldiers in regard to the treacherous reds, who so brutally killed and mutilated our comrades and the helpless women and children at New Ulm, Spirit Lake and other places. How much the lapse of a third of a century has softened that sentiment I am unable to say.

IN CAMP.

August 20—This has been a warm day and quite monotonous with inspection and getting ready to move out in the morning. Received a report in camp today that we were to be mustered out soon. Hope it may prove true. It was cloudy all day and threatened rain but did not. Get cooler in the evening.

August 21—Took up our line of march at 6:30 and at 1 made our camp, after a march of twenty miles. It was cool today and we had a good camp. We camped at the same place last year on our march from Fort Union. The place was held as memorable as the place where Pease and Powers were robbed in 1864.

August 22—This has been a cool day and a good day for marching. Started at 6 and at 1 had made a march of twenty miles camping near Paint creek, or Painted Wood. Had a good camp. We are hoping to make Fort Rice tomorrow.

August 23—Started at 5 and marched till 10, making sixteen miles and camping in a hollow where we had good water but no fuel but buffalo chips. It is a month since we left Fort Rice. Company F on guard today. Have not made the Missouri river yet.

August 24—Started at 5 and at 2 went into camp on Apple river above our camp of last year. We made thirty miles. Company L on guard. It was very hot. Had a good camp, plenty of water and grass.

August 25—At 5:30 took the road again, crossed Apple river, struck our old trail at Long Lake creek, where we received our mail at 6 p. m. After a march of forty miles we struck our old camp on the Missouri river below Fort Rice, completely tuckered out. It was very warm and windy all day. This camp has many associations both pleasant and tragic. From this camp Sergeant Murphy went and met his death from the hands of the treacherous Indians. Cor-

poral Thompson swam the river and escaped. From this camp a rescuing party went to the Bad Lands to rescue the Fisk train, who were corralled by the Indians. Sergeant J. H. Burhans, John Perrin and others of Company L were in the party. From this camp the spirit of Reuben Mickle took its flight to meet the Great Commander on the other side. Reuben was as good a soldier as wore the blue and ready at all times to obey every order. He may have had enemies in his Comany but if so I was not acquainted with them. There were eighty or ninety good boys in Company L but none better than Reuben Mickle. We spent a good deal of time at this camp and became to us like home, but at this time our homes in Iowa were anxiously looked forward to and so this camp or any other that kept us away was not looked upon with any degree of favor. But in these after years we often think of the good days, the sorrowful days, the anxious days spent at the camp below Fort Rice, nearly opposite the mouth of the Cannon Ball. But, oh my! Didn't the wolves howl here sometimes?

August 26—Was in camp all day, being a close, warm day. Some of Company M's men got orders to report at headquarters for their discharge. I made out a list of men in Company L whose time expired in September and October. A messenger from below brought up a dispatch to headquarters.

August 27—Another warm day. Was in camp all day and made out a detail to work on a government warehouse under charge of Lieut. Hunt. A man from Bracket's Battalion was killed by Indians near camp. D. C. Hallock was made corporal. A dispatch was received from Fort Berthold.

August 28—Another warm day. Rained a little in the evening. Had a detail at work at the fort. Company D on picket guard. No mail from below, but looking for it all the time.

August 29 Very warm day. Clouded up in the evening but no rain. Had our usual detail at the fort.

August 30—Hot day with wind drifting the sand terribly. Our corn rations for horses played out. Looking for a steamer every day with supplies. Indians reported as seen in the vicinity. Regular detail at Rice.

August 31—Hot, windy day. Got mail, made up reports and finished rolls. I fixed up my books. The steam boat "Big Horn"

and a flat boat came down with soldiers aboard. Our man Sullivan went below to be mustered out.

September 1—At 6:30 we started and moved our camp six miles down the river, occupying one of our last year's camping places. Four of our men went down on the Big Horn to be mustered out and two sick men were put aboard. Made a permanent detail for the fort ware house.

September 2—Fine day, but not as hot as yesterday. Work is progressing finely on the government warehouse. I made invoices of ordinance stores Company G came over from the fort today and camped on the right of us.

September 3—This is the second anniversary of our fight at White Stone Hill. It was cooler than yesterday, in fact it was quite chilly. The work on the warehouse has been suspended and the detailed men ordered to their commands. We had a detail to load some corn. Capt. Ames turned over some government property. It is the prevailing opinion that we will start south Tuesday.

September 4—A cool day. Was in camp all day. Got our mail. Company L on guard. Have orders to start for home tomorrow. Made out some papers for Lieut. Hunt.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

September 5—Started at 5:30, marched till 12 and camped on Beaver creek. We came t enty miles over a new route from what we generally travelled. Found a nearer and better route. The troops camped on the north bank of the river and the train on the south. It was a fine day for marching.

September 6—Started at 5 and came twenty miles camping on Lone Lake. Roads good, weather warm, water not good, grass fair, no wood. Company K on guard, L in front of Battalion. Had some new orders in regard to guard details.

September 7—Started at 6 and came sixteen miles, camping on Cordash creek at 10. It was quite windy. Had a very good camp. I made out descriptive rolls for twenty of our men in Company L. Quite a dry day in camp.

September 8—Started at 6 and came twenty-three miles, camping on Hid Wood at 11. Had a good camp. We found and buried the remains of some Indians Company E had killed. Rained and hailed some in the evening and got quite cool.

September 9—Started at 5 and came twenty miles, camping at 11 on Blue Blanket creek. It was a fine day to march. Got cool in the evening. Heaequarters received a dispatch. Some Indians came in from the river.

September 10—A cold, windy day. Started at 5 and marched fourteen miles, camping on Cheyenne at 10. Good camp. L. Phillips got kicked by a horse. Turned over six men to Company G. Made out same invoices.

September 11—Started at 5 and at 10, after a march of eighteen miles, camped on Assinibone creek where we had a fair camp. It was quite warm. Made out some papers for Capt. Ames.

September 12—Started at 3 and at 10 made camp at Oko Boja

creek, a distance of twenty-four miles, camping on our old camp ground. Good camp. Some of our men went on to Fort Sully. I made out more papers. Getting ready for muster out.

September 13—A cool forenoon, but warmed up. Started at 5 and made camp five miles below the fort at 1, a distance of thirty miles. Not a very good camp but we are getting down to good country. We received mail today.

September 14—This has been a day in camp and warm, windy and dusty. Lieut. Hunt bought a bale of buffalo skins for himself, M. D. Watkins and me, also some tobacco for him and me. The men signed the clothing book. Made up some inspection reports.

September 15—Another hot, windy day in camp. Some of the boys turned over horses and other property. Made out some papers for Quartermaster Sergeant Watkins. The steamer "Gen. Grant" is lying above here on account of the high wind.

September 16—Hot day with strong northeast wind. In camp all day. Some of the boys went aboard the "Gen. Grant" to go south. We divided and packed our buffalo skins. Company B came down from Sully today. Company L on advance guard today.

September 17—A fine day but warm. Went to the fort and made out invoices for Quartermaster and receipts for ordnance stores.

September 18—Another day in camp and very monotonous. The only ray of sunshine of hope was orders to move in the morning for Sioux City. It was very warm. We packed up our traps and loaded them into the wagons.

September 19—Fine day but quite warm. Started at 6 and marched twenty miles camping at 11 on Chappelle creek. Had a good camp. Capt. Burdick in command.

September 20—Started at 5 and at 1 got into camp on the Missouri river above the agency, making a march of thirty miles. Our train did not get in till 5.

September 21—Started at 5 and came to Crow creek at 9, a distance of 16 miles. Had a fine camp. Company L on advance guard. Very warm day.

September 22—This has been rather a fine day for marching. Started at 5 and got into camp at Red Lake at 10. Company L in the rear today and on guard. Capt. Ames went on to Platte.

September 23—Left this morning at 4 and marched twenty-eight

miles, camping on Platte creek at 2. It was cool in the morning but became very warm. Passed the Bijou Hills at 9 a. m. Met the Thirty-eighth Wisconsin Infantry going north to relieve the cavalry.

September 24—Started at 5 and made a march of twenty-five miles, arriving at camp on the Missouri river at 1, opposite Fort Randall. We passed Pease creek at 9. This is our old camp and there appears to be about as much sand and gray backs as of yore. I had a headache. This is not a camp of pleasant recollections to me. As for instance the spring of '64 had a bad attack of sore eyes that have not entirely recovered yet and maybe never will. Here also there is always a wind blowing and plenty of sand impregnated with alkali ready to be blown; here we learned that we could keep our carbine, saber and revolver at reduced prices if we cared to retain them. Well, old sand camp, this is our last sojourn on your location. When we leave you it will be for good to most of us some may come back. And just across Old Muddy lays Fort Randall. There are sad reflections and pleasant reminiscences with the Old Fort. Two winters we were sheltered in your old darracks. There we drilled, stood guard, burnt commissary hams at the guard house to keep us warm. There Old Glory floated; there we played nine-pins down at the Jew's ball ally; there we laid away our orderly sergeant, S. Harrison Woodward, "Tip." Is there a member of the original Company L who does not remember "Tip" and remember how his life went out in the hospital, how we buried him up at the cemetery? How I loved that man! He was a manly man, but passed away early, and his memory is green in the hearts of all Company L boys that survive him.—

> Hew sleep the brave who sink to rest
> With all their country honor blest.

Here also we had the library, billiard table and old Billy Shaver's theater and Frank Thompson his best man. Here Lieut. Sam Coyle done his last soldiering; here the boys had the scurry. We remember A. R. Fuller and others of Company L and how the boys bought potatoes, onions and other vegetables to fight it off; we remember poor Paul Faulk of Company A how he was so reduced with it that he could hardly walk and how he went out with the teams to ride and was cruelly murdered by the Indians because he was not able to walk away from them. Yes, we had sad scenes and joyous ones. Here we heard the joyful news of Lee's surrender and did our part in rejoicing, and didn't we do it heartily; here, alas, we heard the sad

news of southern treachery in murdering that best of men of his time, President Abraham Lincoln. How solumn were the scenes at Old Fort Randall that day, but it is not with regret, Old Randall, that we leave you for the dear ones waiting in Iowa to welcome us back. So good by!

September 25—The command was in camp all day. A good share of the men went over to bid good-by to Old Randall, drew rations and got them over. The Seventh Iowa Cavalry, or a portion of them, are there. The Commissary and Quartermaster there saw Duling of Company L.

September 26—A fine day. Started at 6 and at 1:30 arrived at a spring near Choteau creek where we camped, having made a march of twenty miles. At 10 we stopped at the Yankton agency and watered horses.

September 27—Started at 5 and at 2 we had reached Bon Homme, twenty-two miles, and watered at Manuel creek. A very warm day. Some of the boys from L, H and A Companies came in from detail.

September 28—Started at 5, marched till 1 and made camp on Jim river. Made twenty-five miles. Came through Yankton at 10, filled up canteens with milk. A fine day for marching, we have a good camp.

September 29—Cool morning but warmed up during the day. Started at 5, made thirty miles, camping on Green Point at 10, passed through Vermillion at 11 and over the river on the bridge. Camped close to a big potato field. The proprietor said: "There are the potatoes, help yourselves," and we did. Jerusha! wasn't they beauties. That farmer, I hope, is living yet and hope he will live to be 150 years old. Fine camp.

September 30—Another fine day, starting out with a cool morning. Started at 5 and reached the Big Sioux river near old Camp Cook at 12, a distance of twenty-five miles. We can see Iowa and will soon be there.

AT SIOUX CITY.

October 1—Was in camp all day. Turned over the Company A men who had been with us on the expedition. Our men who left us above came back to camp. Arms were turned back to the men that wanted to retain them. Received orders to go to Clinton.

October 2—Laid in camp all day. Capt. Ames requested me to go to Sioux City and help Lieut. Fuller make up the final muster-out papers, reports, etc. A warm day.

October 3—Still camp holds out but not many there. I came up to the city with Capt. Ames, got a boarding house and then an office. Did not do much. From this on till muster out the personal pronoun, "I," will come in too often for general reading but cannot help it and carry out my original intentions in writing these notes.

October 4—Camp still on the Sioux. Went to work on muster-out rolls, got one nearly done. Capt. Ames turned over his horses. Some of the men are going to buy their horses if they can. I am boarding with a family by the name of Robinson.

October 5—A fine day was at work all day on rolls. Had one made out and commenced another. Lieut. Fuller sick with his old troubles, diarrhea and rheumatism. Lieut. Hunt up from camp reports things to be quiet, and not many there. The command turned over ordnance stores.

October 6—Another warm day with a rain in the evening. Worked all day on rolls making out two. Fuller a little better. Company L turned over ordnance stores. I bought a fine buffalo robe for $15 50.

October 7—A fine day but not as warm as yesterday. Made

out two rolls. Lieut. Fuller better of diarrhea but not of rheumatism. Capt. Norton (ordnance officer) is in the city. Capt. Ames brought up his ordnance stores but did not get them turned in.

October 8—Fine day but cooler than yesterday. Had rather a quiet day and was not compelled to work for the first Sunday in three years. Captain was up from camp and reports all quiet on the Sioux.

October 9—Fine day, Lieut. Fuller and I worked on the rolls. This day completes my three years of army life and I can certainly thank God that he has been so merciful and kind during all these years my mind travels back to the county fair at National, Oct. 9, 1862, when I met Capt. A. S. Ames and enrolled as a soldier with no expectations of soldiering any place only in the south. Of course it has been better as far as personal safety is concerned but it was a better disappointment to the rank and file of the regiment. A report was currant in camp that we were to be mustered out Sunday next. This would look like army business to do the big work Sunday.

October 10—A fine day. We done a big day's work on rolls today, working at night and nearly completing them. Had an election, voted for Benton & Co. We had a horse race out on the track in which Maj. Honse is one of the chief men. Lieut. Fuller still complaining some.

October 11—A fine day. Worked on rolls, putting on remarks in regard to arms. Got orders to figure out mustering out at Davenport. Was working at clothing account of the men.

October 12—A wet day, raining all day. Worked on rolls. Got blank discharge papers. Went down to camp with Capt. Ames and stayed all night with him and Lieutenant. Some of the boys burned a c[illegible] on Prairie creek and the inmates made for the city. Jeff Duling came to camp from Randall.

October 13—Damp cool day. Worked hard and finished putting ordnance remarks on rolls. Commenced making out discharge papers. There is plenty of bad whisky in town and the boys are finding it and getting noisy.

October 14—Worked on rolls, figuring up clothing, etc. It was a fine day but cooler. Will soon have writing and figuring done.

October 15—Another fine day, worked on rolls and discharge papers and think we have them finished, but don't know. Made out

some ordnance invoices, worked hard all day, if it was Sunday. I think we shall start to Boonsboro Wednesday.

October 16—Fine day, but cool. Worked on rolls and discharge papers. Some of the Sons of Belial stole all my outfit of bedding, clothing, etc., except sabre, shoes, stockings, etc. I had two squaw buffalo robes, two blankets, poncho, overcoat and dog tent. Some Company —— men got it all.

October 17—Was formally mustered out today by Capt. H. A. Thacher, U. S. A., and nearly froze during the operation. The wind blowing a perfect gale and cold, but joy at the idea of getting home kept up our spirits. On account of my traps being stolen I bunked in with Capt. Ames and Lieut. Hunt. Slept well and the wolves howled all night. We were mustered out east of the city.

NOW FOR HOME.

October 18—Fine day but cool. Started this morning in mule teams for Eastern Iowa. Sixteen men, six mules and one mule whacker to a wagon. Come twenty miles and made a good camp. Smith has a mess to cook for and I am in it. Mules a little frisky. Our camp is on West Fork. Got in at 3 p. m.

October 19—Started at 6 and came to camp at Correctionville on the Little Sioux at 11:30. Had a fine day for marching. Rearranged the seating of our wagons. Had a ood camp. Had a fine view of an eclipse of the sun which was plain to the naked eye.

October 20—Started at 6 and got into camp on Maple creek at 3. Everything moved quietly, the men walking a good deal. Had orders to report absences at roll call.

October 21—Started at 6 and at 3 made camp on Little Coon river, at Sac City. A cool day, country fine and level, roads good and dry, water fine. Came along at a good gait.

October 22—Started at 6 and came to Lake City at 12, following an old road made twenty miles. Warm day, plenty of grass for mules. Rained all night. Made good time.

October 23—Awful wet day, but made twenty miles and camped on English river, two miles east of Jeffersonville. Did not get in till after dark. Found heavy timber and a huge pile of seasoned oak rails which we confiscated and made big bonfires to dry us out. I did not lie down nor did any one else. Rained hard all night, but we kept warm by the fire.

October 24—Started at 8 and came within two miles of Des-Moines river. Rained all day. Came afoot, the roads being so bad

we could not get our train throu h. Some of the men went on to Boonsboro. We were all nearly tuckered out.

October 25 Started at 8 and came to Boone, a distance of five miles, afoot. We shipped aboard some freight cars on the C. & N. W. for Clinton. Still raining hard and cars leaking like sieves. The road was very rough. At three we started and rail roaded all night, arriving at Clinton at 5 a. m. Thursday, Oct. 26, cold, wet and hungry. Capt. Ames and I went to the Iowa Central House and eat buckwheat cakes. The Clinton people hustled 'round and got us up a barrel or two of hot coffee and lunch good enough for an American citizen and that is good enough for anyone. God bless the good patriotic citizens of Clinton, men and women! Got our stuff aboard the "Highlander" and at 11 p. m. started for Davenport. At 3 we came to LeClaire where we had to lay over on account of the wind, raining and blowing all the time. Got lodging at private houses, some of the men going to Davenport by wagon.

October 27---Bad day for us. The wind was too high to cross the rapids, so we laid at LeClair all day and it rained and snowed and the men swore and some got "full" and impatient and rather unreasonable, laying all the blame on the officers while in fact the officers were as impatient to get out as the men. One of the Lieutenants of Company K had to keep shady during the day in order to escape their vengeance, but as all things pleasant or unpleasant come to an end at some time so did this trouble. The night was gloomy and stormy. No place on the boat to cook rations or spread a good bed and no money among the men generally caused the trouble. We all scattered and made out to get something to eat and a place to sleep and those who had taken too much "hot drops" slept it off. Taking all and all the day was not as pleasant as some other days, but it came to an end all the same.

October 28---Storm all gone but the Captain of the boat concluded he had too much of a load to cross the river to Port Byron where we were loaded into freight cars and taken to Davenport. Why this was not thought of sooner and saved all the discomfort has been a mystery to me ever since. [Can any one explain it?] Left Port Byron at 12, got to Rock Island at 1 and to Davenport at 3. We went to camp McLelland. Found a good camp and a lot of the Indians from the Ulm country as prisoners, fat and hearty, well fed and clothed in government clothing and guarded by U. S. soldiers. It

would not have been very healthy for these red gents if the soldiers just from Dakota had been placed on guard over them. Any of the soldiers who had money to pay hotel bills or any that had friends in the city left the camp after they had got their baggage secured. Those who were "broke" stayed in camp. I hied me to a house on Brady street, owned by a very fine family named Lunger. The old lady was one of the most patriotic and Christian ladies I ever knew to strangers. She counted every soldier as one of her boys and nothing was too good for her boys. For nursing and kind ministrations through a spell of lung fever in March, 1863, and for kindness again received in October, 1865, I will always hold in remembrance as long as memory and reason hold their sway.

October 29—A fine morning but cold. Mr. Sunger and I went over to camp this morning. We signed the pay rolls. The Sixtieth Infantry, a colored regiment, come in today and will be paid off here. The Davenport people made a big to-do over them.

October 30—Rained all day. Went down town and saw some of the boys. Learned we were to get our pay Tuesday. Went down below Davenport and brought Miss Angie Lunger home from where she was teaching school.

October 31—Fine sunny day, but muddy under foot. Went down town and did some writing for Capt. Ames at the Kimball House. No pay today.

November 1—Another wet day, but went to camp at 8 and was paid at 10 and the Sixth Iowa Volunteer Cavalry regiment fell to pieces, never to meet till at the roll call on the other side. The Companies scattered to the several localities from whence they had come three years previous, some to find everything in good shape, their homes in good shape, kind and loving ones waiting to receive them and ready to give them a hearty welcome, whilst others only returned to find home broken up, no one to give them a word of cheer. Death had made some seperations and other seperations were caused by different reasons, although we were, as might be supposed, in a safe place as to casualities of army service, yet all the members of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry some, yes quite a number, of our braves were summoned by the Great Commander from the battle fields and some of our best men were the victims of the treacherous foe with whom we had to deal. Some by accident, others by disease and one or two suicided, so that quite a number of one of Iowa's best regiments are

sleeping their last long sleep on Dakota's soil. As this day's proceedings has scattered the regiment I will only in this connection add a few notices of my home going and then add a few items personal and otherwise that may be better to record. Company L nearly all belonged in Clayton county and all these of course directed their steps that way, some on boats up the Mississippi river and others by rail via Chicago. I was among the better class and boarded the cars at 8 p. m. for that city, it raining all day.

November 2—This morning found us at Chicago. Boarded the cars and left at 9 a. m., and pulled into the Mondell House at 9 p. m., at Prairie Du Chien, Wis. Met a Major there who made things pleasant.

November 3—Started at 7, crossed the river to McGregor, Iowa. Found a large number of friends, realitives and acquaintances. Ran across an old neighbor of 1850 from Garnaville, John Tangoman, who dumped me and my bundles into his wagon and gave me a free ride of eight miles to my home, where I found my family all waiting to give me a warm welcome and hearty greeting and we all felt thankful to God who had watched so kindly over us in our seperation. Three years of soldiering had as I supposed left me as good as when I left home, but, alas when the books and papers were brought around at night I found the brilliant sight with which I had been used to enjoy in the days gone by sadly impaired. Whether it is permanently or not, time will only determine. Here my diary record ceases and with a few personal recollections my story ends.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

Among the men enlisted in October, 1862, there were a number of men in our regiment, and I suppose in others, that were either too old or not sound or for some reason or another could not stand the hardships of the army and were mustered before their time expired. Among these we might mention from Company L, Robt. Carty, our saddler. He was hardly ever able for duty with lame back or at least that is what he says. Of course there must be something to cause the lame back. He was discharged at Fort Randall for disability, Aug. 9, 1864.

Henry Barnhart was another man that was not realy fit for the service, as he was hardly ever free from pain and aches, blue spots on his legs and other disabilities. When I was acting First Sergeant, Henry was among those who needed medical treatment often. He was discharged at Davenport, Feb. 24, 1865.

Henry Mosely was another man that should never have enlisted. The infirmaties of age disabled him and he was discharged at Sioux City, Oct. 20, 1863, for disability.

Henry Ryan was discharged at Sioux City, Dec 2, 1863, more from the fact that he could never adapt himself to military than any thing else. Disability.

Thomas B. Walker was another mistake in enlistment. Uncle Tom meant well and appeared robust for his age, but when he left home he found he left all he cared for behind and there was where his mind was. He had no thought for military life but longed for his family, and Aug. 9, 1864, he was discharged for disability, at Fort Randall.

William Wilder was discharged at the same time and place. I

never knew really what was the matter with Uncle Wilder. He was our blacksmith and was a jolly one. Disability.

George Moore was another man out of place in the cavalry. Good enough at home but never well while in the service. Discharged at Sioux Falls, Aug. 3, 1865. Disability, (since dead.)

Louis Arnold, discharged July 16, 1864, at Davenport, disability, had no more disability when discharged only a disability to make a good soldier.

Reuben Baker discharged at Randall, July 14, 1864, disability, never should have enlisted and had the examining surgeon done his duty he would not have been.

Chauncey Cook, good hearted, but homesick nearly all the time. A little hurt would knock him out worse than the loss of a leg would many other men. Discharged for disability, Davenport, May 3, 1865.

Edward French discharged at Sioux City, Aug. 8, 1865, for disability. Never knew what Ed was discharged for. He was fat and hearty looking but guess he was tired.

Ambrose Legg, an old man chuck full of pure patriotism, but too old. Had he been twenty years younger would have made a splendid soldier. Discharged Nov. 3, 1864, at Randall.

Thomas Haley at same time and place and same cause. Poor Tom! whiskey and domestic troubles set him wild, but would not he preach when he got full! Tom deserved a better ending.

Benj. Woolsincratt, Jr., Bennie as we called him, to young and delicate for a soldier, a good boy all the same, but could not endure the hardships of a soldier's life. After he left the service he recuperated and was living twenty-nine years after the war closed.

All these men had they remained at home would probably have done more to help put down the rebellion than where they were, but they helped till out the quota and their intentions were right, so peace to their memories.

Another class of men I must refer to, that is the boys who died in the service.

Clinton Clark a young man from Vermont visiting realitives in Clayton county, enlisted, went to Davenport, caught the measles, took cold and died. What a soldier he would have made, had he lived to manhood, but he was cut down in his prime before showing to the world the possibilities of life.

Another fine soldier boy was S. Harrison Woodward, our first

Orderly Sergeant after we struck Dakota. Tall, well proportioned and every inch a soldier. How we did like "Tip." A victim of the big snow storm on Medicine creek.

William Duwe, a German, one of our best soldiers in Company L. He appeared to have the faculty of making himself agreeable to all. Always ready for duty, as long as health permitted, only giving up when it was no longer possible to go on in the rough riding ambulance when disabled by sickness. At Yellowstone he was placed on the boat, but too late to recover. His work done, the last roll call sounded and Billy answered. His bones are buried in Dakoto's soil, near Fort Union.

Reuben Mickle another good boy, who answered the last roll call at Fort Rice, the record of whose death is printed elsewhere in these notes. These four were all held with a kind of reverence by all the boys. I have never heard a word of unfriendly criticism of any of them.

One more man and I am done. I mean Sergeant Alt Murphy. Kind, hearty, good-natured Alf, the last man we thought would ever be entrapped by the treacherous reds, but they got him and the thoughts of the scene when we found him fill our hearts with madness. But as I have written of him before will not say any more, and as to speak of any of the comrades would be invidious, as three years soldiering even in Dakota, formed a bond of friendship that will stand the test of years to come and in the future years any differences that may have existed among the boys will in twenty years be all buried so deep that they will never be resurrected and when we have been separated for that length of time the meeting a comrade of those old days seems like meeting one of our best friends.

Our boys were not in the habit of having snakes in their boots, but as for having snakes in their dog tents that is another thing. There was in Dakota at this time large rattlesnakes, especially in the vicinity of the dog towns. One of our best boys, and a Sergeant at that, was a practical joker from away back and it did him an immense sight of good if he could get the laugh on any of the boys. Another of our Sergeants concluded he would have a little fun, so one evening he procured a piece of rope about three feet long and had it well saturated and soaked in Missouri river water and placed it in Sergeants No. 1's tent under the blanket. They both occupied the same tent and at taps No. 2 was not quite ready to turn in so No. 1

piled in and the first object that his hands came in contact with was the snake streached out under his blanket. Well he did not remain there very long, but jumped to the tent front and out, tearing the little purp tent to smithereins in a short time. The creator of the excitement of course knew nothing in reguard to the matter but stood in the back ground calmly viewing the scene. We will charilably draw a curtain over the sequel. Soldier boys all knew what it was and suffice to say No. 1 was too generous-hearted and whole-souled to kick when the laugh was against him.

During our absence at Devil's Lake in July and August, 1865, the Indians who had been fed and clothed by Gen. Sully's orders joined with the hostiles and attemped to steal some cattle from the government at Fort Rice. Capt. Moreland with his Company, G, had arrived from Berthold where they had wintered and were left to rest up while the command went to Devil's Lake. Capt. Moreland and the Infantry at the fort give the reds to understand they were not to interfere with Uncle Sam's property and when they persisted the soldiers pitched in and gave them a pretty severe handling. The boys of Company G had not much sympathy with Indians, anyway. Had it not been for the presence of Capt. Mooreland and his Company the reds would have had the cattle, as the Infantry was not well calculated to cope with the reds. As above stated I was not present at the time and could not get full particulars of this fight and not knowing at this late day where to get the same will have to state only what I know which is that the red skins got badly whipped.

The Battallion had been up to Pierre and vicinity for some time before the rest of the regiment come up to join Maj. TenBroeck's command. When the other two Battalions and Gen. Sully came up, wishing to become acquainted with the officers of the Battalion he requested Maj. TenBroeck to bring them in and present them. Lieut. C—— of Company L was a very smart man in his own esteem and when done up in his best suit was a stunner. He imagined that he was in appearance and ability only a very little, if any, behind Napolion himself. Gen. Sully was not a dude, by any means, while he was up in Dakota and was rigged out with corduroy pants, which he wore without suspenders, white shirt, white slouch hat and pants stuffed inside of long-legged boots. In hot weather this was his custom, when cooler an army blouse was added. When it came the Lieutenant's turn for presentation with a spick span new suit of the

latest regulation style, red sash, splendid saber belt, musk and other perfumes, reminded the awe-struck beholder of the great personage then in Dakota. Upon entering the tent Maj. TamBrook and Lieut. C—— found the General sitting on a camp stool sampling some commissary stores, the two parties saluted and the Major says:—"Gen. Sully, allow me to present Lieut. C—— of Company L, Sixth Iowa Cavalry." The General looked the Lieutenant over pretty sharp and then remarked—

"Company Hell, eh?" (the General was not choice in his language.) "Well, Lieutenant, how long have you been in the service?"

"About six months," was the reply.

"Six months," roared the General, "Why my g——d, man, I've been in the regular service twenty years and don't stink half as bad as you do." With that he waved to the Major that the interview was ended.

Gen. Sully had no superior as an Indian fighter but he had one enemy he had never conquered and that was his ungovernable temper. If he was crossed or criticised he would fairly foam with rage and because Col. Pollock made some slighting remark about the General chasing Indians with ox teams he never lost an opportunity of venting his spite on the Colonel.

In 1865 some of the boys at Fort Rice started a little paper called the "Frontier Scout." A certain Surgeon of the Seventh Cavalry, whose nom-de-plume was "S. P. Y." rote out an article sharply criticising the General treating with some Indians, feeding them with government rations, clothing them in soldiers' uniforms and when the hostiles attacked the forces at the fort and tried to steal the cattle these same gentlemen were there and were conspicuous in the army blue.

This the Surgeon thought was a great mistake of the General and so stated in his article. When the General saw the article he fairly boiled over with rage. "S. P. Y.! yes, he is a spy! I'll spy him! What, a d——d spy talk that way about me, and in a newspaper at that?" And so on but the Doctor was right all the same and the General had to take his medicine.

A little incident occurred at Webster City, Ia., in April, 1865, in which three splendid men lost their lives. They were Sergeant Anderson of Company A, Sergeant Ostrander of Company E and Private Eben Jones of Company G. These men were part of a

detail that was caring for government horses at Webster City. I have not all the particulars but the impression at the time was that a dispute arose between Anderson and Ostrander and they commenced firing. Jones went to act as peace maker but the shooting continued until all were dead or dying. The news of the shooting caused a wide spread gloom over the regiment as all three were favorites, not only in their own Company but in the regiment. The writer was sincerely attached to all three of these men and the tears will start thirty years after the scene when it comes up before him.

While in Davenport in 1762 one of the boys got disheartened, discouraged and fell sick and lost his voice. For quite a while he conversed in the sign language altogether. Finally one of the Sergeants concluded he was playing off and thought he would test him, so he told him he was detailed for guard. He motioned as much as to say that with his disability he could not stand guard. The Sergeant caught his foot and with one yank he moved him from the bunk to the floor and as he fell gave him a blow with a rod he had prepared. About the time the second blow was coming he shouted "For God's Sergeant, don't hit me again!" thus giving himself away. He never lost his voice again.

At the present time from all I could learn of the Regimental and Company officers is as follows:—

Col. D. S. Wilson, dead.
Col. S. M. Pattock, Seattle, Wash.
Lieut.-Col. E. P. PenBrook, dead.
Maj. A. E. House, dead.
Maj. J. Galligan, dead.
Maj. T. Shepherd, unknown.
Maj. DeWitt C. Cram, Dubuque, Iowa.
Surgeon Geo. Trumbull, unknown.
Surgeon Jacob H. Camburn, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Assistant Surgeon Thomas Bardwell, Marion, Iowa.
Assistant Surgeon S. C. Haynes, unknown.
Assistant Surgeon N. B. Elliot, unknown.
Adjutant R. L. Miller, unknown.
Adjutant B. E. Agard, dead.
Quartermaster A. Williams, unknown.
Quartermaster C. F. Gregg, Cedar Rapids.
Commissary M. Rowe, unknown.
Chaplain D. Mitchell, unknown.

COMPANY A.

Capt. J. Galligan, dead.
Capt. J. M. Gates, died in DeWitt, Iowa, in 1893.
Lieut. H. A. McAlester, unknown.
Lieut. S. J. Toll, unknown.
Lieut. Henry Saedt, unknown.

COMPANY B.

Capt. D. C. Cram, Dubuque, Iowa.
Capt. D. E. Bronson, unknown.
Lieut. T. P. Rood, Dubuque, Iowa.
Lieut. F. O. Udell, Dubuque, Iowa.
Lieut. T. J. Leavitt, killed at White Stone Hill, Dakota, Sept. 3, 1863.
Lieut. B. M. Richmond, unknown.
Lieut. H. G. Foster, unknown.

COMPANY C.

Capt. L. L. Ainsworth, West Union, Ia.
Lieut. Geo. E. Dayton, Burlington, Ia.
Lieut. F. K. Fisk, unknown.
Lieut. H. Rickel, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Lieut. W. D. Stafford, unknown.

COMPANY D.

Capt. T. W. Burdick, Sault Ste Marie, Mich.
Lieut. T. Finn, Decorah, Iowa.
Lieut. Page, unknown.
Lieut W. Fannon, Freeport, Iowa.

COMPANY E.

Capt. D. F. Fichar, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Lieut. J. C. DeHaven, " " "
Lieut. D. Ellison, unknown.
Lieut. S. M. Smith, unknown.

COMPANY F.

Capt. S. Snattuck, unknown.
Capt. J. Ruth, Lansing, Iowa.
Lieut. L. N. Beemin, unknown,
Lieut. A. H. McKallor, unknown.

COMPANY G.

Capt. A. B Moreland, dead.
Lieut. W. A. Heath, dead.
Lieut. E. H. Gaylord, unknown.
Lieut. C. F. Hobbs, unknown.

COMPANY H.

Capt. C. J. Marsh, unknown.
Capt. J. L. VanMeter, unknown.
Lieut. G. A. Hesselberger, unknown.
Lieut. J. A. Patterson, unknown.
Lieut. C. Burkley, unknown.
Lieut. C. Reardon, unknown.

COMPANY J.

Capt. Lewis R. Wolf, Iowa City, Iowa.
Capt. B King, unknown.
Lieut. Geo. McCall, unknown.
Lieut. B. Williams, Dubuque Iowa.
Lieut. H. C. Nichols, unknown.

COMPANY K.

Capt. John Logan, unknown.
Capt. G. E. Dayton, Burlington, Iowa.
Lieut. S. M. Parker, unknown.
Lieut. H. F. Berst, unknown.

COMPANY L.

Capt A. S. Ames, Rockford, Minn.
Lieut. H. A. Park, Watertown, S. D.
Lieut. S. B. Coyl, dead I think.
Lieut. A. R. Fuller, Creston, Iowa.
Lieut. A. Scott, dead
Lieut. A. W. Hunt, Dell Rapids, S. D.

COMPANY M.

Capt. B. J. Williams, Dubuque, Iowa.
Lieut J. Brown, Dubuque, Iowa.
Lieut. R Berry, unknown.
Lieut. L. F. Williams, Dubuque, Iowa.

I will now give a list of names of enlisted men in Company L and postoffice addresses at present time as far as known to me, and those who I am sure are dead:--

Sergeant J. H. Drips, Malone Iowa.
" C. O. Wiggins, Hawarden, Iowa.
" John H Burhans, Castalia, Iowa.
" John Ferris, Greece, N. Y.
" Edward Morse
" John Walling
" S. Robinson
Corporal, A. Howland.
" P. M. Namarra.
" H. D. Stickney.
" D. C. Hallock.
" J. A. Lighty.
" G. Bennett.
" S. Turner.
Farrier, D. Flynn, Ravenswood, Missouri.
Farrier, J. Hunt
Saddler, A. R. Kay
Bugler, W. W. Frisbie.
Bugler, A. Geiser.
Private, A. Brandis.
" H. Brandis.
" O. S. Bogue, Oxford, Florida.
" L. Burhoits.
Private, C. J. Bailey.
" E. R. Bayrouveliff.
" Rinaldo Craig.
" Ed Ross.
" Geo. Dienderfer, Wessington springs, South Dakota.
Private, R Godson.
" G. W. Doty.
" Wm. Everton, Dyersville, Iowa.
" C. J. Foster.
" D. Foley.
" J. G. Frink, McGregor, Iowa.
" John Undoe, Garnaville, Iowa.
" Geo. Grannes, Strawberry Point, Iowa.
" B. Gotham, Littleport, Iowa.
" F. Harrold.
" J. Hazlett.
" J. Hill.
" James Hayes, Sabot Olat, Iowa.
" Thos Kelly.
" C. Lamphere, Kirwin, Kansas.
" J. Scanneule.
" D. Leary, McGregor, Iowa.

Private Lewis Lane.
" J. Lelachewn
" C. Hoffman.
" J. M. Laughlin.
" W. Murphy.
" W. Maginnis
" T. V. B. Mitholson.
" L. Philips.
" J. Presho.
" J. Presho.
" F. Riley, Williston, North Dakota.
" W. Rolpe.

Private, C. K. Smith.
" T. J. Scott, Strawberry Point, Iowa.
" B. F. Stewart.
" J. Stockwell.
" F. Scunaman.
" Milton Spencer, Concordia, Kansas.
" Timothy Sullivan.
" Thos. Sherman, Monona, Iowa.
" C. Tahlstram.
" W. Tubbs.
" J. Workman.
" J. Walstencraft.
" Thos. Wynne, dead.

The follo ing were mustered out before the balance of the regiment:—

Private, Louis Arnold.
" Henry Barnhart.
" R. C. Baker.
" Robt. Carty, Beloit, Kansas.
" Ch-s. Cook,
" E. French.

Private, Thos. Haley.
" A. Legg.
" H. Mouly.
" H. Ryan.
" Thomas B. Walker.
" B. W. Wolslencraft.

The following are known by me to be dead at this writing, May, 1894:—

Sergeant S. H. Woodward, died at Fort Randall, D. T., Feb. 4, 1864.
Sergeant A. Murphy, killed by Indians near Fort Rice, D. T., Sept. 21, 1864.
Sergeant Benj. Wolstencraft.
Corporal R. Mickle, died near Fort Rice, D. T., Sept. 26, 1864.
Wagoner G. L. Moor died in Chicago.
Teamster, M. Doyle, died in McGregor.
Private R. C. Baker.
Private Clinton Clark died in Davenport, Jan. 5 1863.
Private W. Duwe died near Fort Union on Hospital boat, Aug. 22, 1864.
Private Thomas Haley.
" Henry Barnhart died in Nebraska 1893
" B. W. Wolstencraft died in Minnesota, 1893.
" Thos. Glenelg.
" Austin Depue.
" Cal Stevens.
" J. Schonlay.
" Dan Sanger.
" Frank Thompson.
" E. Tompkins.
" C. W. Wheeler shot himself a few years ago.

Lafayette Caldwell, John Pettit and H. Clark deserted at Fort Randall. Clark came back and reported that the others had been killed by Indians and probably they were as we never heard from them again.

J. McGuire, C. Peming, W. McKenna and a few others have in some way got their names off the rolls and I cannot account for them.

Among names I have received and know the whereabouts

of outside of Company L Sixth Iowa Cavalry are as follows:—

D. Names, Company A, Grand Mound, Iowa.
S. A. Lewis, Company I, Pierre, S. D.
Porter Bradley, Company G, Scranton, Iowa.
Frank Markel, Campany H, Clinton Iowa.
Sergeant Nicholas Overholt, Sparta, Tenn.
Sergt. Bronson, Company M, Soldier's Home, Kansas.
Corporal Henry Duneleman, Company A, Dunbury, Iowa.
John McLanghlin Company A, Wheatland, Ia.
Fred Philips Company A, Davenport, Iowa.
W. W. Sweet Company A, Pipestone, Minn.
F. Meyers Company B, Miller, S. D.
W. F. Hoyt Company K, Andrew, Iowa.
P. S. Bean Company D, Cadat Falls, Wis.
John D. Meadolns Company D, 15282 Franklin Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
M. O. Betts Company D, Cresco, Iowa.
A. Baldwin " " Veroqua, Wis.
J. W. Hartley " " French Creek, Iowa.
P. J. Pierce, Company F, New Albin, Iowa.
J. Elmer Company F, Lansing, Iowa.
A. Oleson, Lansing, Iowa.
D Rosenberger Company F, Tama City, Iowa.
Frank Eshbaugh Company F, Tama, Iowa.
F. B Sunborn Company F, Tama, Iowa.
H. Kinnie Company D, Cresco, Iowa
S. O. Wilson Company D, Decorah, Iowa.
T. M. Hoyt Company D, Decorah Iowa.
E. A. Richards Company F, Creston, Iowa.
Philip Nims Company M, Chareton, Iowa.
T. C. Nolan, Jefferson, Iowa.
C. J. Bradley Company G, Woodward, Iowa.
J. Thompson Company F, Lansing Iowa

The following list comprises those who died in the service outside of Company L:—

COMPANY A.

Sergt. John Anderson shot at Webster, Iowa.
Corp. G. Kilenhessling drowned near Fort Randall.
Corp. C. Griffith, June 1863, Yellowstone, Mont.
Farrier D. Pence, Aug. 12, 1864, Fort Sully, D T.
Private W. Baker, Oct. 25, 1863, Camauche, Ia.
P. F. Boyd, May 24, 1863, Camp Cook, D. T.
Peter Costello, April 1, 1864, Ft. Randall, D T.
J. Falck killed by Indians March 1, 1964, Fort Randall, D. T.
F. Renfildt, Oct. 24, 1864, Ft. Randall.
T. C. Williamson by Indians at Hart River, Sept 8, 1864.

COMPANY B.

Private J. F. M. Clark, March 20, 1863, Ft. Sully.
J. A. Hassack, Dec. 1, 1864, Sioux City, Ia
M. S. Whitney, May 8, 1863, Davenport, Iowa.

COMPANY C.

Private C. W. Bingham, Oct. 20, 1863, Bijou Hills, D. T.
A. Clark, Sept. 3, 1863, White Stone Hill.
W. H. Stoops, Oct. 10, 1864, Fort Rice

COMPANY D.

Sergt. J. Brown, Nov. 14, 1863, Ft. Randall.
Private D. Greer, on hospital boat, Sept. 13, '64.
P. Knudson, Sept. 19, 1863, Ft. Pierce.
M. Mekkelsen, Oct. 27, 1863, Davenport, Iowa.
Geo. P. Sargent, Feb. 27, 1865, Ft. Randall.
J. C. Williams, Feb. 20, 1860, Fort Rice.

COMPANY E.

Sergt. J. N. Rogers, Sept. 3, 1863, White Stone Hill.
W. A. Ostrander, Webster City, Ia., April 19, 1865.
Sergt. J. L Winget, July 30, 1864, Takackuty, D. T.
Corp. W. W Chew, April 25, 1863, Harrison, Ia.
Wagner S. Murphy by Indians, Sept 27 1864, Fort Rice.
Private Burke, Feb. 12 1863, Dubuque, Ia.
Private J. F. Bren, April 19, 1865, Sioux City, Ia.
Private S. C. Garrow, Feb. 25, 1865 Sioux City Iowa.
Private J. M. Harrison, Oct. 21, 1863, Ft. Randall.
Private Geo. Killsa, Sept. 3, 1863, White Stone Hill.
Private Eli Lee, Aug. 13, 1864, Yellowstone river.
Private J. H Noland, Jan. 25, 1865, Sioux City, Iowa.

COMPANY F.

Teamster R. Charles May 16, 1863, Camp Cook.
Wagoner C. Dundy, Feb. 28, 1865, Yankton.
Private W. G. Armstrong, Sept. 3 1863, White Stone Hill.
Private D. A. Burke, April 23, 1865, Crow Creek.
Private Marma D. Betts, Sept. 8, 1865, Dakota Territory.
Private H. Cunningham, Feb. 15 1863.

Private S. Falls, Dec. 5, 1863, Davenport, Iowa.
J. Hagerman, Dec. 3, 1863, Davenport, Iowa.
F. Segier, Oct. 5, 1864, D. T.
E. M. Allister, Sept. 3, 1863, White Stone Hill.
J. Roth, June 8, 1865, Crow Creek.
S. Strong, March 18, 1863, Camp Pollock, Ia.
C. M. B. Wagner, Sept. 3, White Stone Hill.
R. Wien, Dec. 18, 1862, Davenport, Iowa.

COMPANY G.

Private Cappel, March 24, 1864, Fort Randall.
S. M. Barnard, Oct. 10, 1863, Sioux City, Iowa.
Private A. Blackmer, Feb. 23, 1864, Fort Randall.
J. Clendennen, Sept. 8, 1864, on hospital boat.
Eben M. Jones, April 19, 1865, Webster City, Ia.
J. Myers, Oct. 10, 1863, Fort Sully.
John Reardonded, March 28, 1865, Sioux City.
Private C. Stevens Sept. 6, 1863, White Stone Hill.
Private J. J. Walter Nov. 17, 1863, Sioux City.

COMPANY H.

Sergt. W. W. Davis Sept. 3, 1863, White Stone Hill.
Private W. K. Dummelt Sept. 3, 1863, White Stone Hill.
Private J. Frazer drowned May 23, 1863, Fort Randall.
Private H. Langenseckhardt, Nov. 6, 1864, Fort Randall.
Private G. M. G[illegible]son Dec. 7, 1863, Sioux City.
Private H. D. Ogan Jan. 2, 1865, Fort Sully.
Private C. Tuckerman Sept. 31, 1863, White Stone Hill.

COMPANY J.

Corp. S. Randall July 22, 1863, Fort Randall.
Private M. N. Higgin Sept. 3, 1863, White Stone Hill.
Private G. H. Harris Oct. 25, 1863, Fort Sully.
Private J. Quinn August 28, 1864, bad lands.
Private I. Rice, died at Davenport, Ia.
Private I. J. Slide, Dec. 12, 1864, Davenport, Ia.

COMPANY K.

W. Arnold, July 10, 1864, Fort Randall.
S. Butler, June 13, 1864, Crow Creek.
S. Came, April 1, 1863, [illegible]
J. Hurley, Sept. 3, 1863, White Stone Hill.
D. Lane, June 17, 1865, Fort Sully.
H. H. Leonard, Dec. 18, 1862, Davenport, Ia.
J. Mann, Sept. 3, 1863, White Stone Hill.
J. Nevins, March 1, 1864, Fort Sully.
F. M. Pierce, Aug. 27, 1864, Fort Randall.
F. Sothoron, Sept. 23, 1863, Crow Creek.

COMPANY M.

Corp. Paul Falk, June 22, 1865, D. T.
Private E. Clanasey, May 29, 1865, Ft. Randall.
P. Dunn, May 19, 1863, Camp Cook.
M. Siegel, May 4, 1865, Fort Randall.

The fight at White Stone Hill, D. T., Sept. 3, 1863, resulted quite seriously for this regiment. The result was one officer of Company B killed; Company C, one killed and one wounded; Company E, two killed; Company F, three killed and seven [illegible]; One killed and three wounded in Company H; three killed and [illegible] wounded in Company I and one killed in Company K. Total, 14 killed and 13 wounded.

Whole number died in service—Company A, 10; Company B, 4; Company C, 3; Company D, 6; Company E, 12; Company F, 14; Company G, 9; Company H, 7; Company I, 6; Company K, 10; Company L, 15; Company M, 4. Total, 94.

To Comrades of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, [illegible] Dakota Cavalry, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and any other troops that were with Sully:—

As I am only writing up the history of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry

from an enlisted man's stand point my narative has been first, my own, Company L; second, my own Battalion, Companies B, E, H and L; and third, my own regiment, the Sixth Iowa Cavalry. The other organizations did their full share of the work done, but I was not with them and their history will be recorded by others fully as competent while I would not be. While I write only what our regiment done I do not claim we did it all, by any means. Therefore the other organizations will understand that I calculated that each one did their full share while I only record that part performed by the Sixth Iowa Cavaly.

I have no apology to make for my little book but a few words of explanation. When the printer made the estimate it was from another pamphlet that was made in larger type and leaded so as to make it rather unhandsome. So the book was set in smaller and clearer type and the leading taken out, leaving it a good deal handsomer and plainer to read but not so many pages quite as we anticipated. But the matter is all there and in addition the portraits of Lieut. A. R. Fuller and the writer. Again, the writing was nearly all done over thirty years ago and printed just as it was written. Some things that were put down at that time would probably have been left out had it been written at the present time. For illustration, in recording some of the men as deserting, who later came back and served faithfully to the end of their term and no blot at all is recorded on their discharges and their names stand without blot or blemish as defenders of their government.

I had fondly hoped to have had an official report of the fight at Fort Rice, July 28, 1865, but Capt. Moorland being dead and I could not find any one that was well enough posted in the fight to undertake to write it out for publication. My thanks are hereby tendered to a Comrade of Company G for a copy of the "Frontier Scout" from

which a parted account is taken; to Capt. Burlick for his valuable paper and to E. A. Richards for his preface to White Stone Hill fight.

With these explanations I submit my work to you, feeling that I have faithfully carried out my promise made in my prospectus and hope that Comrades while reading it will remember the days we spent together chasing and fighting Indians in Dakota

J. H. DRIPS,
Malone, Iowa.

October 1, 1894.